Lutheran Hymnal

For the Sunday School

Compiled by
REV. D. G. RISTAD
Rockdale, Wis.

F 46112
R4975

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LUTHERAN HYMNAL

FOR THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

COMPILED BY

REV. D. G. RISTAD,

ROCKDALE, WIS.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

PUBLISHED BY
LUTHERAN SUNDAY SCHOOL PUBLISHING CO.,
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SUGGESTIONS.

The *Superintendent* of the Sunday school should see that the following suggestions concerning the proper use of this Hymnal are heeded:

1. The *Organist* should learn to play these melodies correctly; that is, according to the music, giving due emphasis to the rhythm, which is the main characteristic of this little Hymnal as far as the melodies are concerned.

2. The *Teachers* also should endeavor to meet with the organist and learn to sing the melodies correctly, in order that they may be able to lead the singing in the Sunday school.

3. The *Children* should be taught to sing properly; that is, with a *natural voice* and in such manner that they say all the words in the text plainly and pronounce the syllables in every word distinctly; FOR THE MELODY IS THE SERVANT OF THE TEXT.

Opening Service.

1. Hymn.

2. One of the following Psalms shall be read responsively.

PSALM I.

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly: Nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.
But his delight is in the law of the Lord:
And in His law doth he meditate day and night.
And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water:
That bringeth forth his fruit in his season.
His leaf also shall not wither:
And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.
The ungodly are not so:
But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.
Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment:
Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.
For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous:
But the way of the ungodly shall perish.

PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord is my Shepherd:
I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His Name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:
For Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

PSALM LXI.

Hear my cry, O God: attend unto my prayer.
From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee, when my heart is overwhelmed:
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
For Thou hast been a shelter for me: and a strong tower from the enemy.
I will abide in thy tabernacle forever: I will trust in the covert of Thy wings. Selah.
For Thou, O God, hast heard my vows: Thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear Thy name.
Thou wilt prolong the king's life:
And his years as many generations.
He shall abide before God forever:
O prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve him.
So will I sing praise unto Thy name forever: that I may daily perform my vows.

PSALM LXVII.

GOD BE merciful unto us and bless us:
And cause His face to shine up on us.
That Thy way may be known up on earth:
Thy saving health among all nations.
Let the people praise Thee, O God:
Let all the people praise Thee.
O let the nations be glad and sing for joy:
For Thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.
Let the people praise Thee, O God:
Let all the people praise Thee.
Then shall the earth yield her increase:
And God, even our own God, shall bless us.
God shall bless us:
And all the ends of the earth shall fear Him.

PSALM LXXXV.

LORD, Thou hast been favorable unto Thy land:
Thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob.
Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of Thy people:

Thou hast covered all their sin.
Thou hast taken away all Thy wrath:
Thou hast turned Thyself from the fierceness of Thine anger.
Turn us, O God of our salvation:
And cause Thine anger toward us to cease.
Wilt Thou be angry with us for ever?:
Wilt Thou draw out Thine anger to all generations?
Wilt Thou not revive us again:
That Thy people may rejoice in Thee?
Shew us Thy mercy, O Lord:
And grant us Thy salvation.
I will hear what God the Lord will speak:
For He will speak peace unto His people, and to His saints; but let them not turn again to folly.
Surely His salvation is nigh them that fear Him.
That glory may dwell in our land.
Mercy and truth are met together:
Righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

PSALM C.

MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands:
Serve the Lord with gladness, come before His presence with singing.
Know ye that the Lord He is God:
It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are His people, and the sheep of His pasture.
Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise:
Be thankful unto Him, and bless His Name.
For the Lord is good; His mercy is everlasting:
And His truth endureth to all generations.

PSALM CI.

I will sing of mercy and judgment: unto Thee, O Lord, will I sing.
I will behave myself wisely in a perfect way: O when wilt Thou come unto me?
I will walk within my house with a perfect heart.
I will set no wicked thing before mine eyes:
I hate the work of them that turn aside; it shall not cleave to me.
A froward heart shall depart from me; I will not know a wicked person.
Whoso privily sundereth his neighbor, him will I cut off: him that hath an high look and a yroud heart will not I suffer.
Mine eyes shall be upon the faithful of the land, that they may dwell with me: he that walketh in a perfect way, he shall serve me.
He that worketh deceit shall not dwell within my house: he that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight.
I will early destroy all the wicked of the land:
That I may cut off all wicked doers from the City of the Lord.

PSALM CXI.

PRAISE ye the Lord. I will praise the Lord with my whole heart:
In the assembly of the upright, and in the congregation.
The works of the Lord are great:
Sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.
His work is honorable and glorious:
And His righteousness endureth for ever.
He hath made His wonderful works to be remembered:
The Lord is gracious and full of compassion.
He hath given meat unto them that fear Him:
He will ever be mindful of His covenant.
I will offer to Thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving:
And will call upon the Name of the Lord.
I will pay my vows unto the Lord now, in the presence of all His people:
In the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord.

3. The Apostolic Creed shall be said in concert.

4. Gloria Patri.

THOMAS MORLEY.

Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly

Ghost: As it was in the be - gin-ning, is now, and ev - er shall be,

world with-out end. A - - - - - men. A - men.

p *ff*

5. Prayer by Pastor; or, one of the following Collects may be said by the Leader of the Sunday School.

ENLIGHTEN our minds, we beseech Thee, O God, by the Spirit which proceedeth from Thee; that, as Thy Son hath promised, we may be led into all truth; through the same, our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

BLESSED Lord, Who hast caused all Holy Scriptures to be written for our learning: Grant that we may in such wise hear them, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, that by patience and comfort of Thy holy Word, we may embrace, and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life, which Thou hast given us in our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

ALMIGHTY God, our heavenly Father, whose mercies are new unto us every morning, and who, though we have in no wise deserved thy goodness, dost abundantly provide for all our wants of body and soul: give us, we pray thee, thy Holy Spirit, that we may heartily acknowledge thy merciful goodness toward us, give thanks for all thy benefits, and serve thee in willing obedience; through Jesus Christ thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

ALMIGHTY and Everlasting God, Who dost will that not one of these little ones should perish, and hast sent Thine Only Son to seek and to save that which was lost, and through Him hast said, Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God. Most heartily we beseech Thee so to bless and govern the children of Thy Church, by Thy Holy Spirit, that we may grow in grace and in the knowledge of Thy Word; protect and defend us against all danger and harm, giving Thy holy Angels charge over us, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

6. Hymn.

7. Lessons.

Closing Service.

1. Hymn.

2. Announcements.

3. Review of day's Bible lesson; or, the Bible lesson for the following Sunday may be read and explained by the leader.

4. Hymn,

5. All shall unite in the Lord's Prayer.

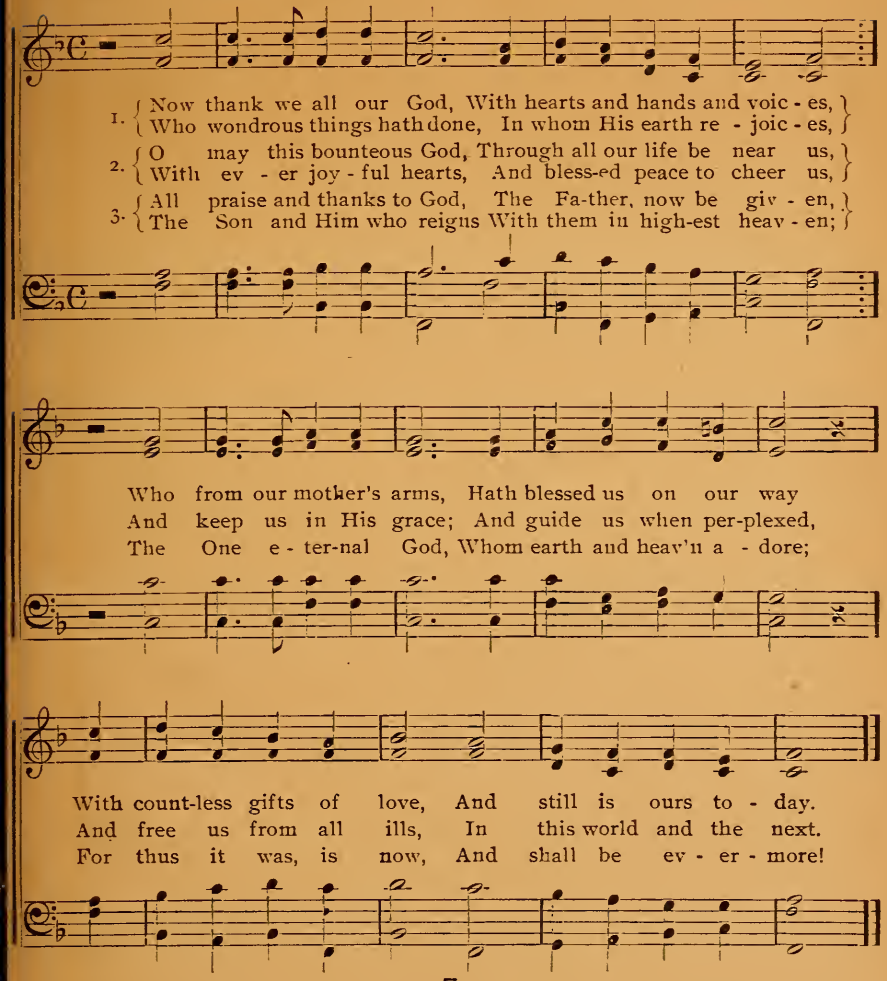
LUTHERAN HYMNAL

FOR THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

1 Now Thank We All Our God.

MARTIN RINKART. 1644. JOHANN CRUGER. 1649.



All Glory be to God on High.

NICHOLAS DECIUS. From Kyrie paschale by SCHUMANN. 1539.

1. All glo - ry be to God on High, Who hath our race be - friend - ed!
2. We praise, we worship Thee, we trust, And give Thee thanks for-ev - er,
3. O Je - sus Christ, our God and Lord, Son of Thy Heavenly Fa - ther,
4. O Ho - ly Ghost, Thou precious Gift, Thou Com-fort-er un - fail - ing,

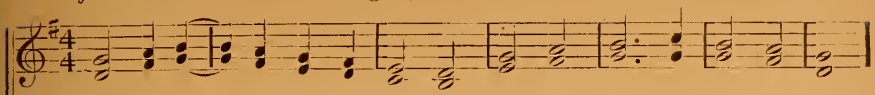
To us no harm shall now come nigh, The strife at last is end - ed;
O Father, that Thy rule is just, And wise, and chang-es nev - er:
O Thou who hast our peace re-stored And the lost sheep dost gath - er,
O'er Satan's snares our souls up-lift, And let Thy pow'r a - vail - ing,

God show - eth His good will to men, And peace shall
Thy bound - less power o'er all things reigns, Thou dost what-
Thou Lamb of God, to Thee on high, From out our
A - vert our woes and calm our dread: For us the

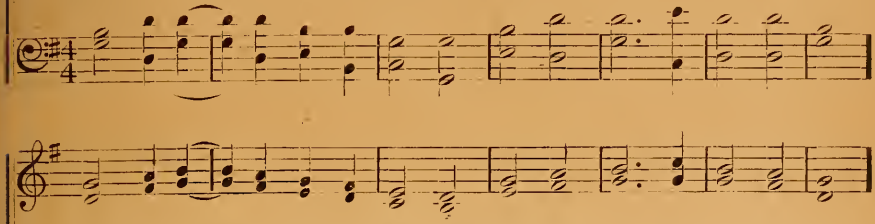
reign on earth a - gain; O thank Him for His good - ness.
e'er Thy will or - dains; Well for us that Thou rul - est!
depths we sin - ners cry, Have mer - cy on us Je - sus!
Sav - ior's blood was shed; We trust in Thee to save us!

3 Comfort, Comfort Ye My People.

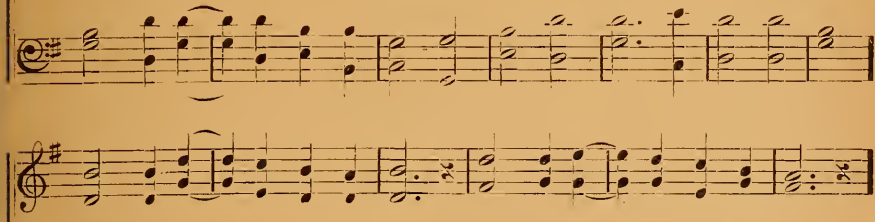
JOHN OLEARIUS. (Oelschlæger.) French. 42 Ps. 1551.



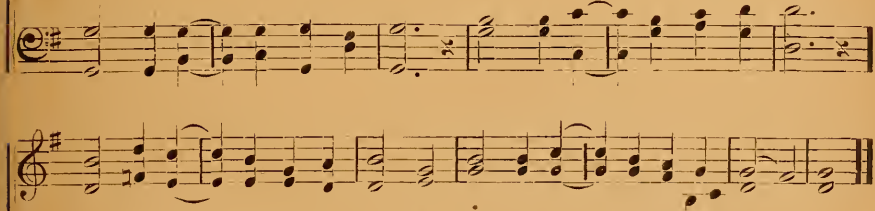
1. Com-fort, com - fort ye my peo - ple, Speak ye peace, thus saith our God;
2. For the Her - ald's voice is cry - ing In the des - ert far and near,
3. Make ye straight what long was crooked, Make the rough - er plac - es plain:



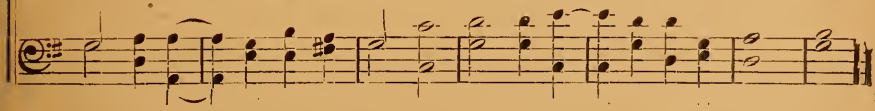
Com-fort those who sit in dark-ness, Mourning 'neath their sor-row's load;
Bid - ding all men to re - pent-ance, Since the king-dom now is here.
Let your heart be true and hum-ble, As be - fits His ho - ly reign;



Speak ye to Je - ru - sa - lem Of the peace that waits for them.
O that warn - ing cry o - bey! Now pre - pare for God a way!
For the glo - ry of the Lord Now o'er earth is shed a-broad,



Tell her that her sins I cov - er, And her war - fare now is o - ver.
Let the val - leys rise to meet Him, And the hills bow down to greet Him.
And all flesh shall see the to - ken, That His word is nev-er bro - ken.



4 Fear Not, O Little Flock.

MICHAEL ALLENBURG. 1640. German. 1530.

1. Fear not O lit - tle flock, the foe Who mad-ly seeks your
2. Be of good cheer; your cause be-longs To Him who can a
3. As true as God's own Word is true, Not earth or hell with
4. A - men, Lord Je - sus, grant our prayer! Great Cap-tain, now Thine

o - ver-throw; Dread not his rage and pow - er,
venge your wrongs; Leave it to Him, our Lord.
all their crew A - gainst us shall pre - vail.
arm make bare, Fight for us once a - gain!

What tho' your cour - age some-times faints, His seem-ing
Though hid - den yet from mor - tal eyes, His Gideon
A jest and by - word are they grown; God is with
So shall thy saints and mar - tyrs raise A might-y

tri - umph o'er God's saints, Lasts but a lit - tle hour.
shall for you a - rise, Up-hold you and His Word.
us; we are His own; Our vic-t'ry can - not fail.
cho - rus to Thy praise, World with-out end: A - men!

5 Lord, Jesus Christ.

H. C. STHEN, 16 Century. Tr. from Danish by D. G. R. 1897.

L. M. LINDEMAN. 1871.

1. Lord Je - sus Christ, My Sav - ior blest, On Thee my hopes are found - ed. I trust in Thee, O leave not me In my mis - er - y In Thy word is my com - fort ground - ed.
2. And let Thy will To my heart in - still, That Thee I serve most tru - ly. Thou art my Lord, Teach me Thy word, And aye, a - ward More faith and pur - pose ho - ly.
3. In Thy do - main I will re - main, Dear Lord, where Thou wilt have me. My heart and mind Are on - ly Thine; In Thee I find Good gifts and grace to save me.
4. Most heart - i - ly I do be - lieve in Thy rich grace and fa - vor. Oh, Sav - ior sweet, Help me in need, For Thou didst bleed To save me from ev'ry ter - ror.

5 For evermore
Thou art therefore
My faith's source and foundation,
My solace sure,
For sin my cure;
Thy word so pure
Is my joy and salvation.

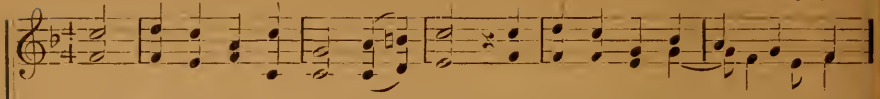
6 In grief's dread hour
Thou art my tower
Of strength and consolation.
I need not fear
When Thou art near;
Though foes appear,
I dread not their invasion.

7 In faith I rest,
Lord Jesus Christ,
Assured thou'lt ne'er forsake me,
For thus I read:
The Lord gives heed,
If in thy need
To prayer thou dost betake thee.

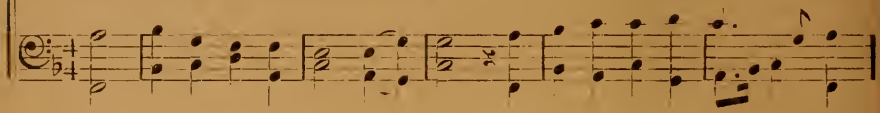
8 Grant God, we pray,
That we astray
From thy word wander never!
But that with Thee
Eternally
We blessed may be
In glory forever and ever.

6 Come Holy Spirit, God and Lord.

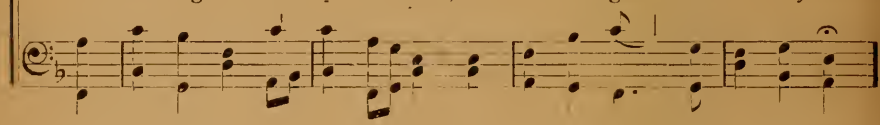
MARTIN LUTHER. WALTER. 1524.



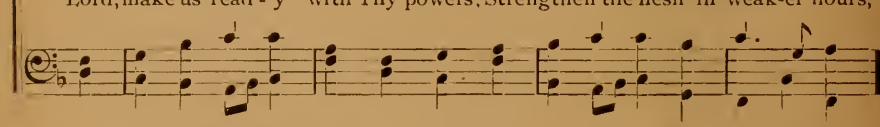
1. Come. Ho - ly Spir - it, God and Lord! Be all Thy grac-es now out-pour'd
2. Thou strong Defence, Thou ho-ly Light, Teach us to know our God a - right,
3. Thou sa-cred Ar - dor, Com - fort sweet, Help us to wait with read-y feet



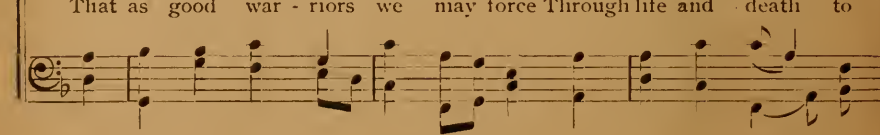
On the be - liev - er's mind and soul, To strengthen, save, and make us whole
And call Him Fa-ther from the heart: The Word of life and truth im - part:
And will-ing heart at Thy com-mand, Nor tri - al fright us from Thy band



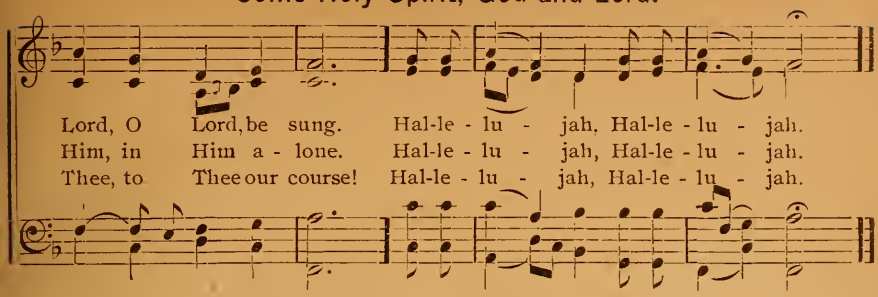
Lord, by the brightness of Thy light, Thou in the faith dost men u - nite
That we may love not doctrines strange, Nor e'er to oth - er teach-ers range,
Lord, make us read - y with Thy powers; Strengthen the flesh in weak-er hours,



Of ev - ery land and ev - ery tongue This to Thy praise, O
But Je - sus for our Mas - ter own, And put our trust in
That as good war - riors we may force Through life and death to

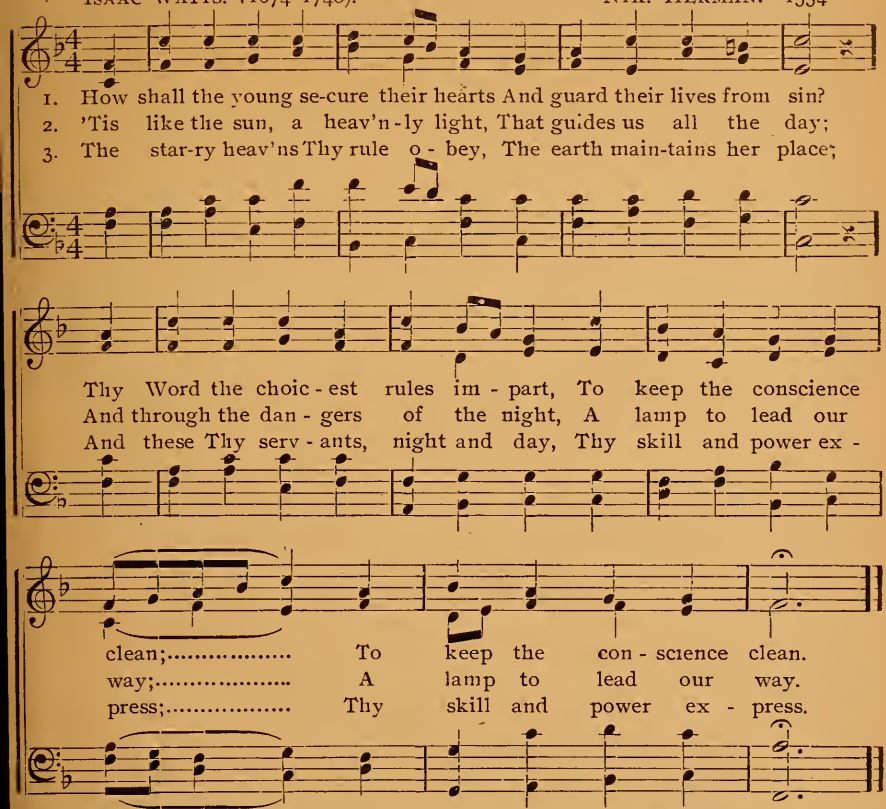


Come Holy Spirit, God and Lord.



7 How Shall the Young Secure Their Hearts?

ISAAC WATTS. (1674-1748). NIK. HERMAN. 1554



4 But still Thy Law and Gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than Thy Word.
||: Nor stars so nobly shine. :||

5 Thy Word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy Book shall guide our youth,
||: And well support our age. :||

8 Praise to the Lord! Almighty King!

JOACHIM NEANDER. (1640-1680), 1679. STRALSUNDER GESANGB. 1665.

1. Praise to the Lord! the Al-might-y, the King of cre - a - tion! O my soul,
2. Praise to the Lord! who o'er all things so wondrously reign - eth, Shelters thee
3. Praise to the Lord! who doth prosper thy work and de-fend thee; Sure-ly His
4. Praise to the Lord! Oh, let all that is in me a - dore Him! All that hath

praise Him, for He is thy health and sal - va - tion! All ye who hear,
un - der His wings, yes, so gen - tly sus - tain - eth; Hast thou not seen
good-ness and mer - cy here dai - ly at - tend thee. Pon - der a - new
life and breath, come now with praises be - fore Him! Let the A - men

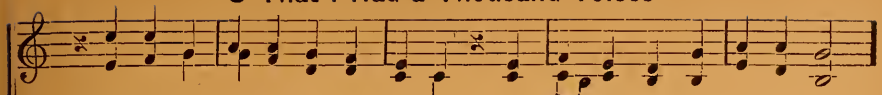
Now to His temple draw near, join me in glad ad - o - ra tion.
How thy de - sires e'er have been Granted in what He or - dain - - eth?
What the Al-might-y can do, If with His love He be - friend thee!
Sound from His peo-ple a - gain: Glad-ly for aye we a - dore Him.

9 O That I Had a Thousand Voices!

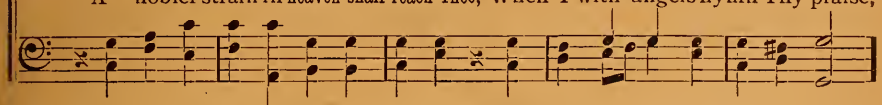
J. MENZER. FREYLIEGHAUSEN. 1704.

1. O that I had a thousand voices! A mouth to speak with thousand tongues!
2. O that my voce might high be sounding, Far as the wide-ly distant poles;
3. Lord, I will tiell while I am liv - ing, Thy goodness forth with ev-'ry breath;
4. O Father, deign Thou, I beseech Thee, To list-en to my earth-ly lays;

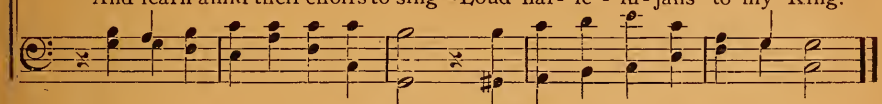
O That I Had a Thousand Voices.



My heart which in the Lord re-joic-es, Then would proclaim in grateful songs,
My blood run quick with rapture bounding, Long as its vi - tal current rolls,
And greet each morning with thanksgiving, Un - til my heart is still in death,
A nobler strain in heaven shall reach Thee, When I with angels hymn Thy praise,

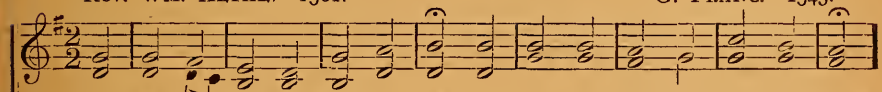


To all, wher-ev - er I might be, What great things God hath done for me.
And ev - 'ry pulse thanks-giving raise, And ev - 'ry breath a hymn of praise.
Yea, when at last my lips grow cold, Thy praise shall in my sighs be told.
And learn amid their choirs to sing Loud hal - le - lu - jahs to my King.

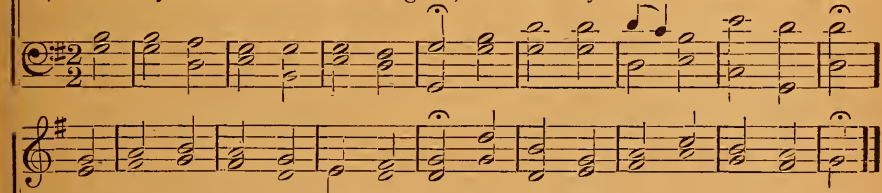


10 Old Hundred.

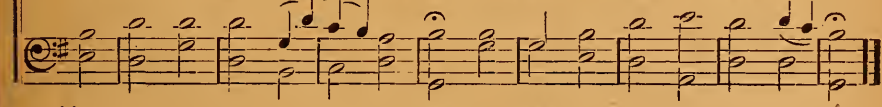
Rev. Wm. Kethe. 1561. G. Franc. 1545.



1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice;
2. Know that the Lord is God in - deed; With-out our aid He did us make:
3. O en - ter then His gates with praise, Approach with praise His courts un-to:
4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer - cy is for - ev - er sure:



Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.
We are His flock He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
Praise, laud and bless His name al - ways, For it is seem - ly so to do.
His truth at all times firm - ly stood, And shall from age to age en - dure.

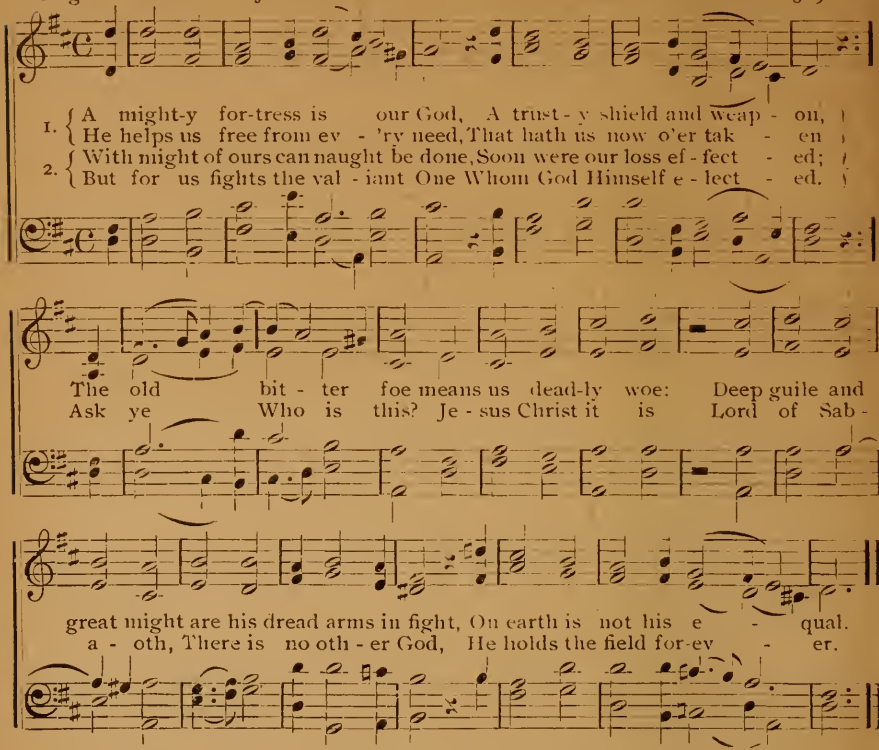


11 Doxology. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below·
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

12 A Mighty Fortress is Our God.

Original form acc. to JOH S ZAHN. MARTIN LUTHER. 1529.

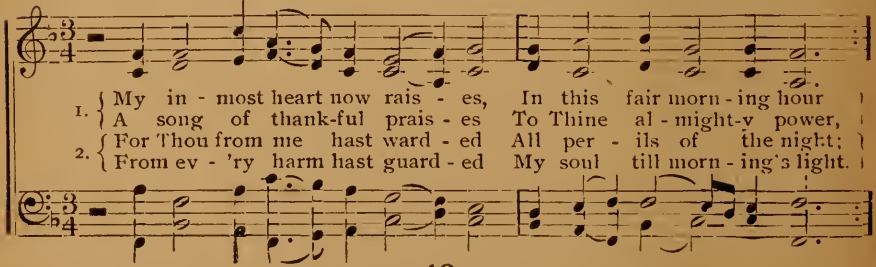


3 Though devils all the world should fill,
All watching to devour us,
We tremble not, we fear no ill,
They cannot overpower us.
This world's prince may still
Scowl fierce as he will,
He can harm us none,
He's judged the deed is done,
One little word o'er throws him.

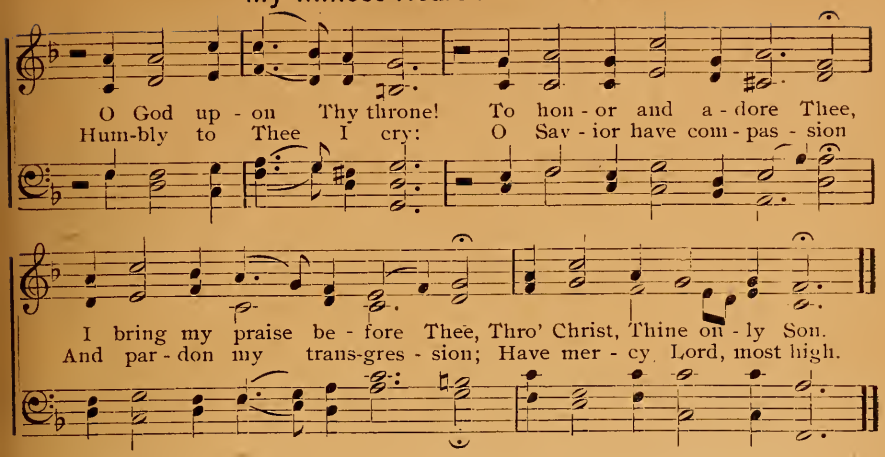
4 The word they still shall let remain,
Nor any thank have for it.
The Lord's with us upon the plain
With His good gifts and Spirit;
Take they then our life,
Goods, fame, child and wife,
When their worst is done,
They have nothing won:
The kingdom ours remaineth.

13 My Inmost Heart Now Raises.

Unknown. 1592. NICOLAUS HERMANN. 1598.



My Inmost Heart Now Raises.

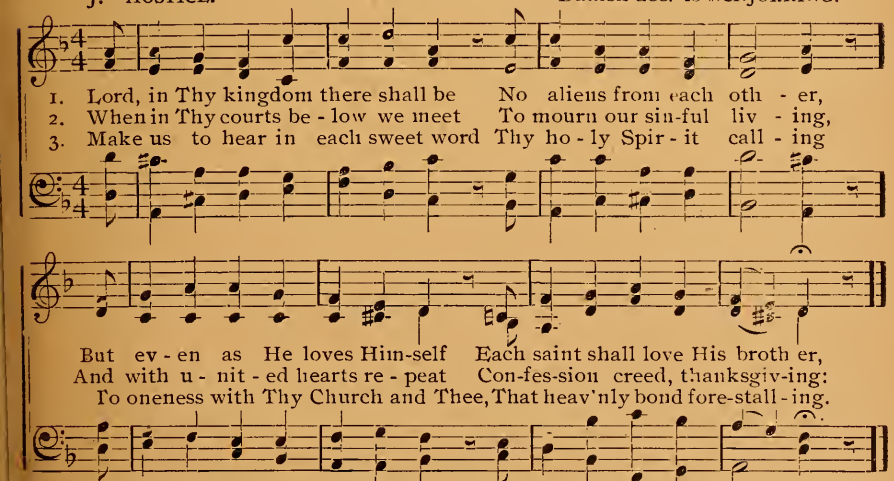


3 God shall do my advising,
Whose might with wisdom blends;
May He bless rest and rising,
My efforts, means and ends!
To God, forever blessed,
Will I with mine confide me,
And suffer Him to guide me
As seemeth to Him best.

4 Amen! I say, not fearing
That God rejects my prayer;
I doubt not He is hearing
And granting me His care.
So I put forth my hands,
And look not long behind me,
But ply the task assigned me
By God, as He commands.

14 Lord, in Thy Kingdom There Shall be.

J. Aostice. Danish acc. to Schjorring.

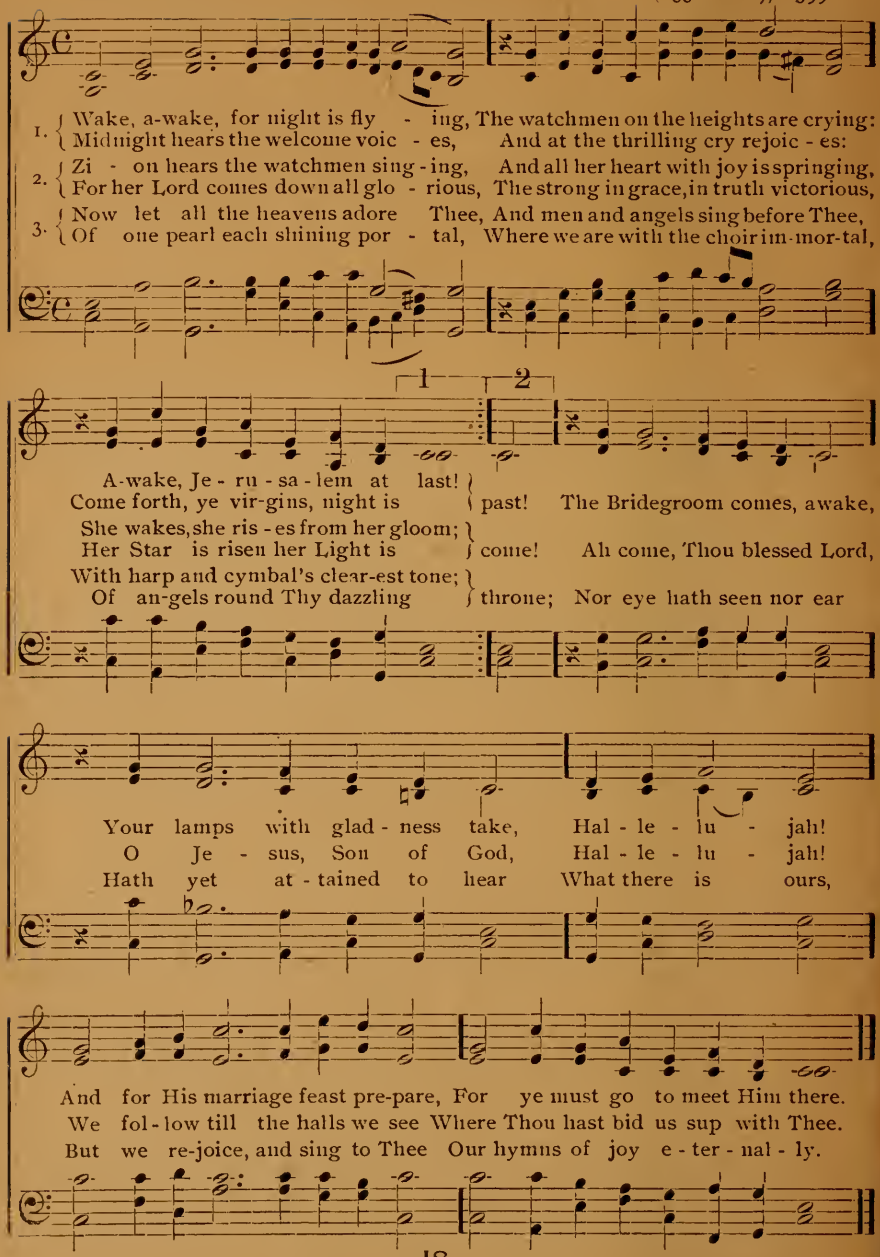


4 One Baptism and one faith have we,
One Spirit sent to win us,
One Lord, one Father, and one God,
Above, and through and in us.

5 Never, by schism, or by sin,
May we that union sever,
Till all to perfect stature grown,
Are one with Thee forever.

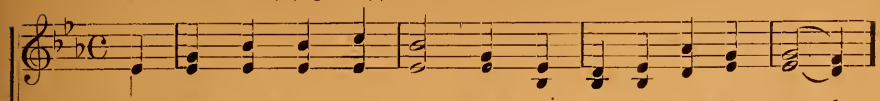
Wake, Awake!

PHILIP NICOLAI. PHILIP NICOLAI. (1556–1608), 1599.

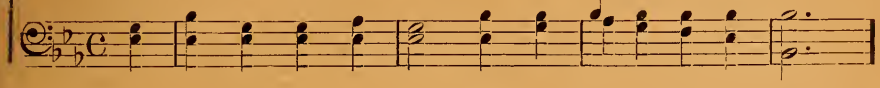


16 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

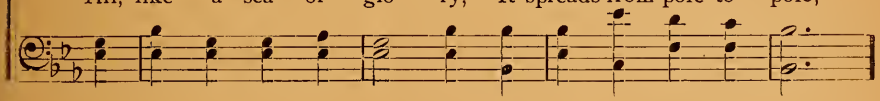
REGINALD HEBER. (1783–1819), 1826. LOWELL MASON. (1792–1872), 1823.

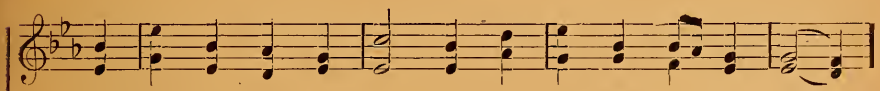


1. From Green-land's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor-al strand,
2. What though the spic - y breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle;
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,

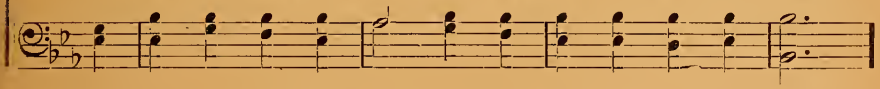


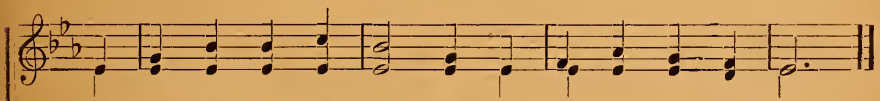
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;
Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es And on - ly man is vile:
Shall we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;



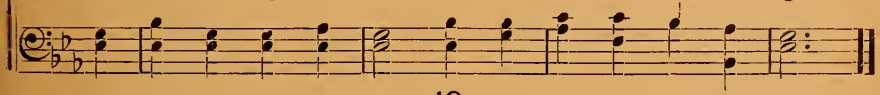


From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm-y plain,
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown:
Sal - va - tion, O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,



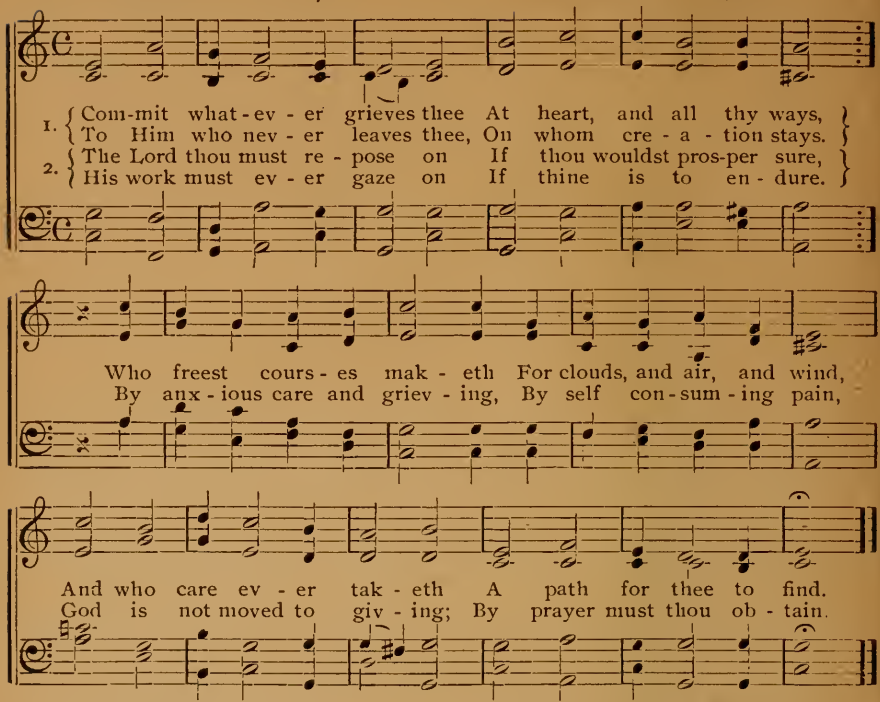


They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The heath-en in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
Till each re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes-si - ah's Name.
Re - deem-er, King Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.



17 Commit Whatever Grieves Thee.

PAUL GERHARDT. Died 1676. HANS LEO HASLER. 1601.

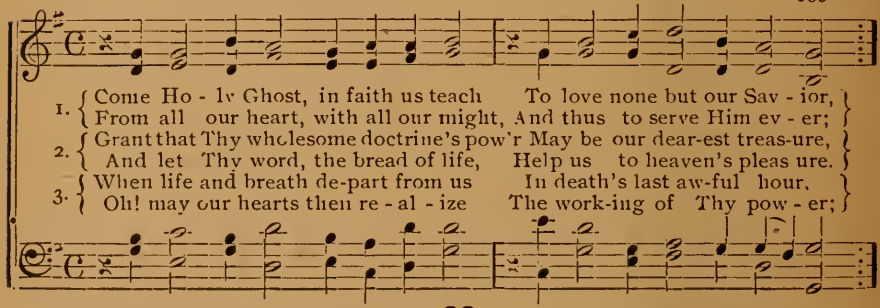


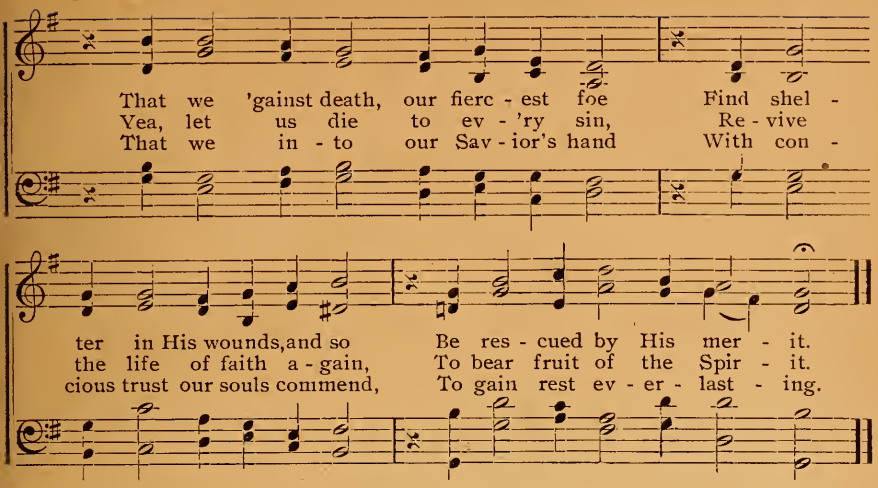
3 Though all the power of evil
Should rise up to resist,
Without a doubt of cavil
God never will desist;
His undertakings ever
At length He carriest through;
What He designs He never
Can fail at all to do.

4 Hope on, thou heart, grief-riven,
Hope, and courageous be,
Where anguish thee had driven
Thou shalt deliverance see.
God, from thy pit of sadness
Shall raise thee graciously;
Wait and the sun of gladness
Thine eyes shall early see.

18 Come, Holy Ghost.

B. RINGWALDT. KLUG. 1535.

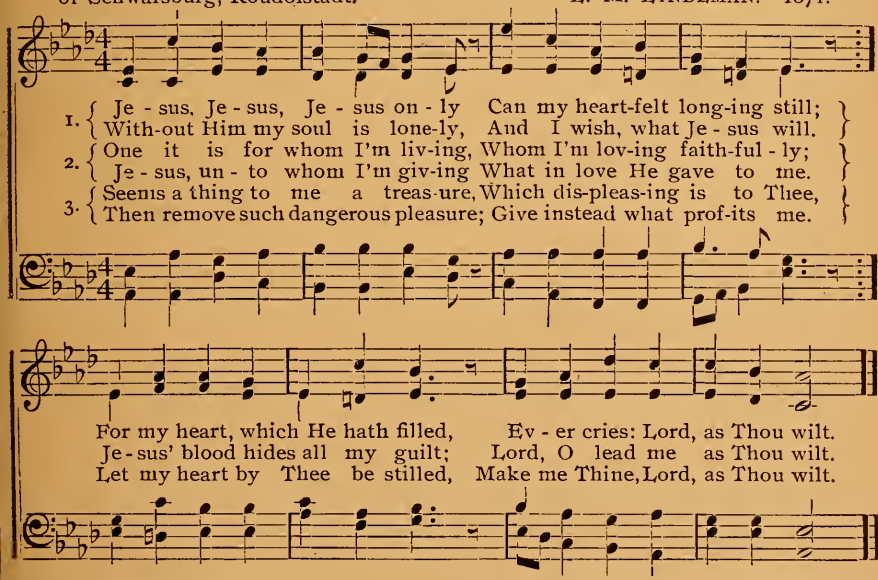




19 Jesus, Jesus, Jesus Only.

LUDAEMILIA ELIZABETH
of Schwarsburg, Roudolstadt.

L. M. LINDEMAN. 1871.

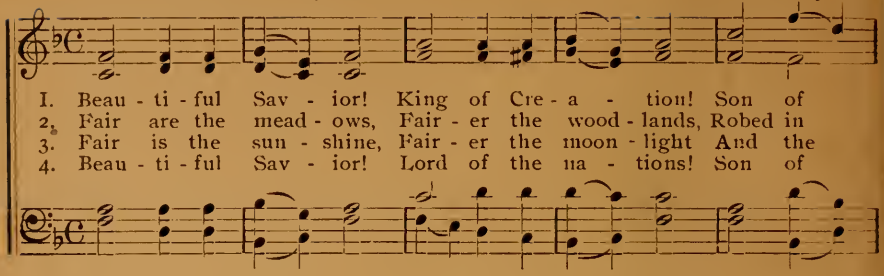


4 Grant that always I endeavor
Thy good pleasure to fulfill,
In me, through me, with me ever,
Lord, accomplish Thou Thy will.
Let me die, Lord, on Thee built,
When, and where, and as Thou wilt.

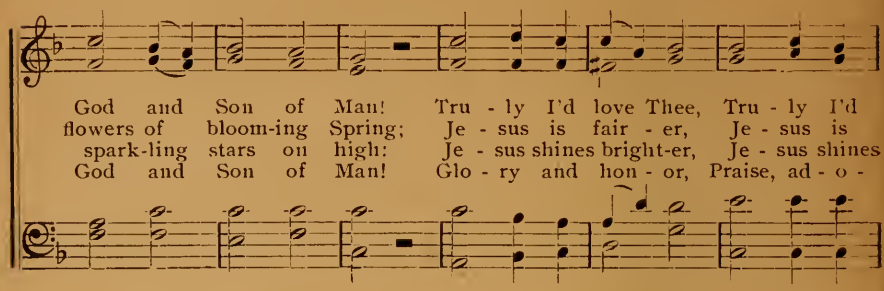
5 Lord, my praise shall be unceasing,
For Thou gav'st Thyself to me,
And besides so many a blessing,
That I sing now joyfully:
Be it unto me, my Shield,
As Thou wilt, Lord, as Thou wilt.

20 Beautiful Savior!

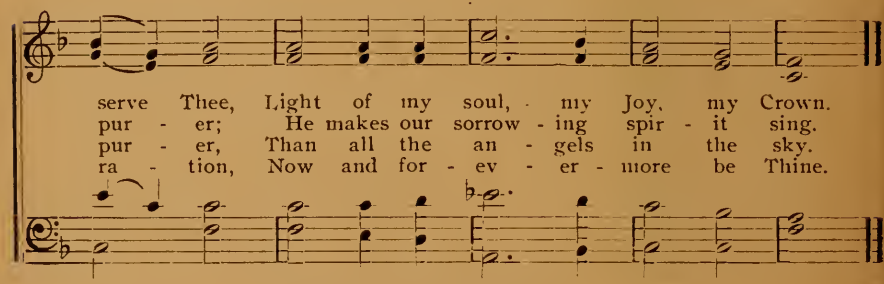
From the German. 1695. 12th Century.



1. Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior! King of Cre - a - tion! Son of
2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er the wood - lands, Robed in
3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er the moon - light And the
4. Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior! Lord of the na - tions! Son of



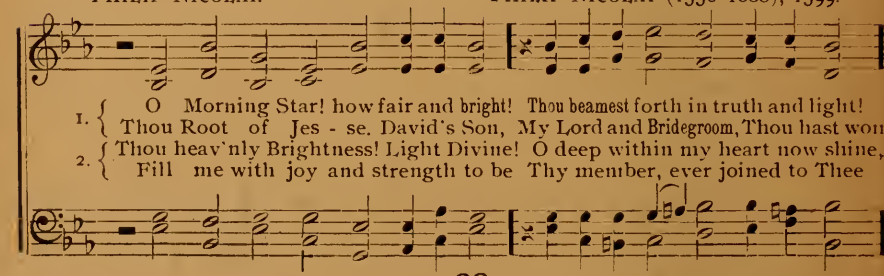
God and Son of Man! Tru - ly I'd love Thee, Tru - ly I'd
flowers of bloom-ing Spring; Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is
spark-ling stars on high: Je - sus shines bright-er, Je - sus shines
God and Son of Man! Glo - ry and hon - or, Praise, ad - o -



serve Thee, Light of my soul, my Joy, my Crown.
pur - er; He makes our sorrow - ing spir - it sing.
pur - er, Than all the an - gels in the sky.
ra - tion, Now and for - ev - er - more be Thine.

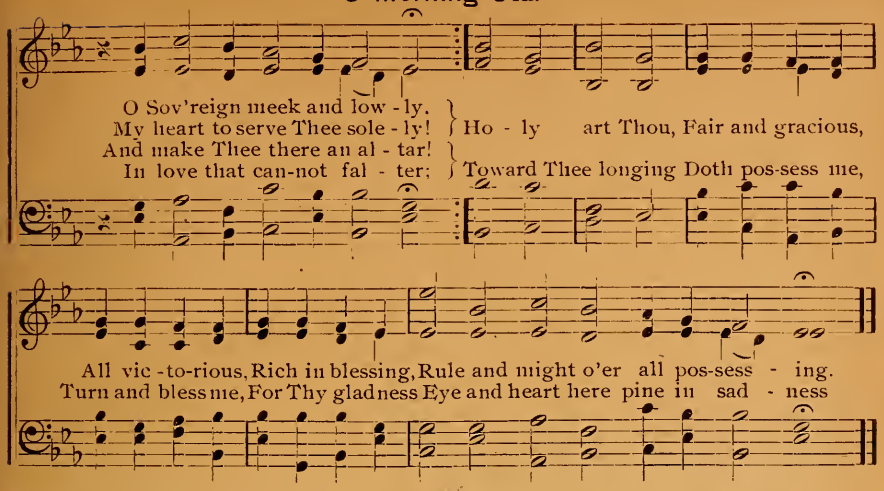
21 O Morning Star!

PHILIP NICOLAI. PHILIP NICOLAI (1556-1608), 1599.



1. { O Morning Star! how fair and bright! Thou beamest forth in truth and light!
   { Thou Root of Jes - se, David's Son, My Lord and Bridegroom, Thou hast won
2. { Thou heav'nly Brightness! Light Divine! O deep within my heart now shine,
   { Fill me with joy and strength to be Thy member, ever joined to Thee

O Morning Star.

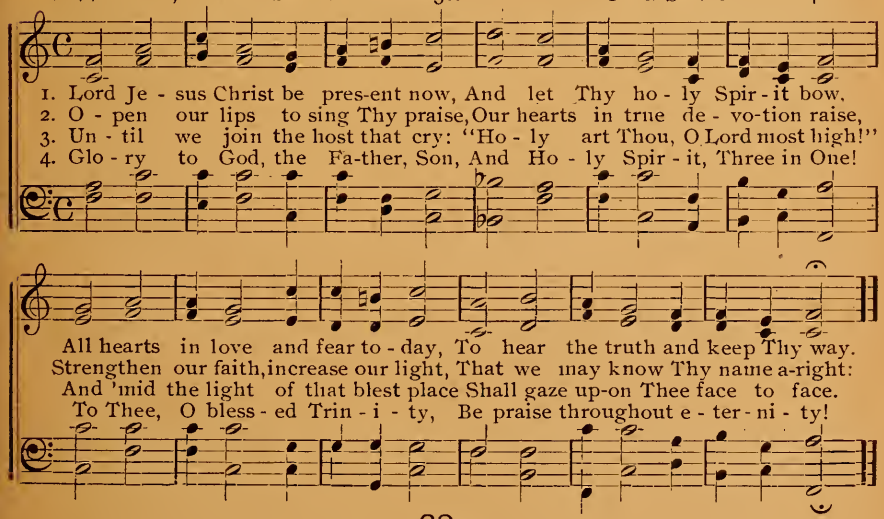


3 But if Thou look on me in love,
There straightway falls from God above
A ray of purest pleasure;
Thy Word and Spirit, Flesh and Blood,
Refresh my soul with heavenly food,
Thou art my hidden treasure;
Let Thy grace, Lord, warm and cheer me,
O draw near me;
Thou hast taught us
Thee to seek since Thou hast sought us!

4 Here will I rest, and hold it fast,
The Lord I love is First and Last,
The End as the Beginning!
Here I can calmly die, for Thou
Wilt raise me where Thou dwellest now,
Above all tears, all sinning:
Amen! Amen! Come, Lord Jesus,
Soon release us;
With deep yearning,
Lord, we look for Thy returning.

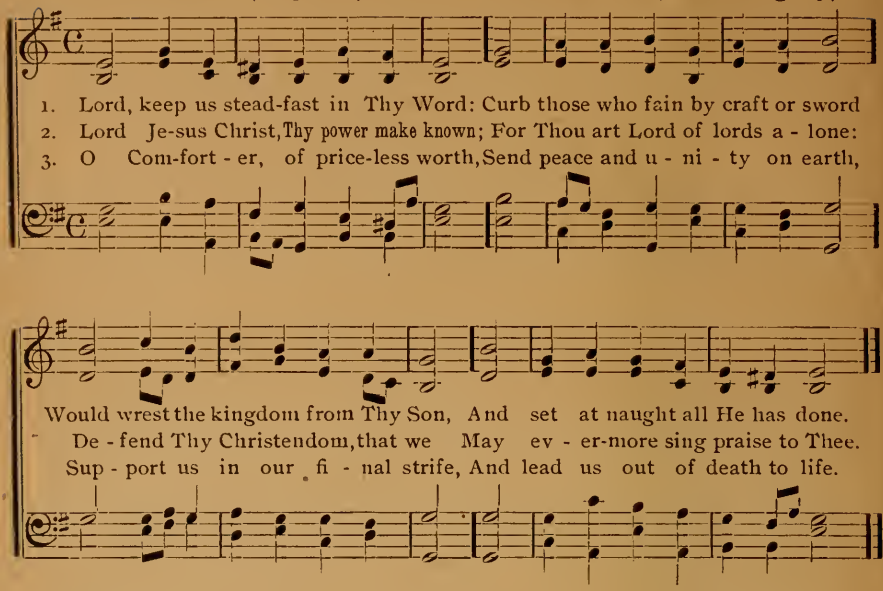
22 Lord Jesus Christ, Be Present Now.

WILLIAM II., Duke of Sax-Weimar. 1638. Cant. Sac. Gotha 1648.



23 Lord, Keep us Steadfast in Thy Word.

MARTIN LUTHER. (1483-1546), 1541. MARTIN LUTHER, Wittenberg. 1542.



24

1 Lord Jesus Christ, with us abide;
While fall the shades of eventide;
Let not the radient light divine
Of Thy dear word e'er cease to shine.

2 In these sad latter days may we,
Vouchsafe this, Lord, e'er steadfast be.
And keep Thy word and sacrament
In purity unto the end.

3 Rebuke the spirits that, in pride
Exalting self, would set aside
Thy word, and bring devices new,
Corrupting, Lord, Thy doctrine true.

4 Not ours the cause is, but Thine own;
Not ours the glory, Thine alone;
Wherefore Thy people, Lord, defend,
Who trustingly in Thee depend.

5 Our heart's firm trust is e'er Thy word,
It is Thy Church's shield and sword:
O, keep us fast in this we pray,
That we may seek no other way.

6 Grant that according to Thy word
We here may live, and dying, Lord,
Still trusting in Thy word may we
Leave earth's sad vale to be with Thee.

N. SELNECKER.

25

1 Lord, grant that we e'er pure retain
The catechismal doctrine plain,
As Luther taught the heavenly truth
In simple words to tender youth.

2 That we Thy holy Law may know
And mourn our sin and all its woe,
And yet believe in Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One.

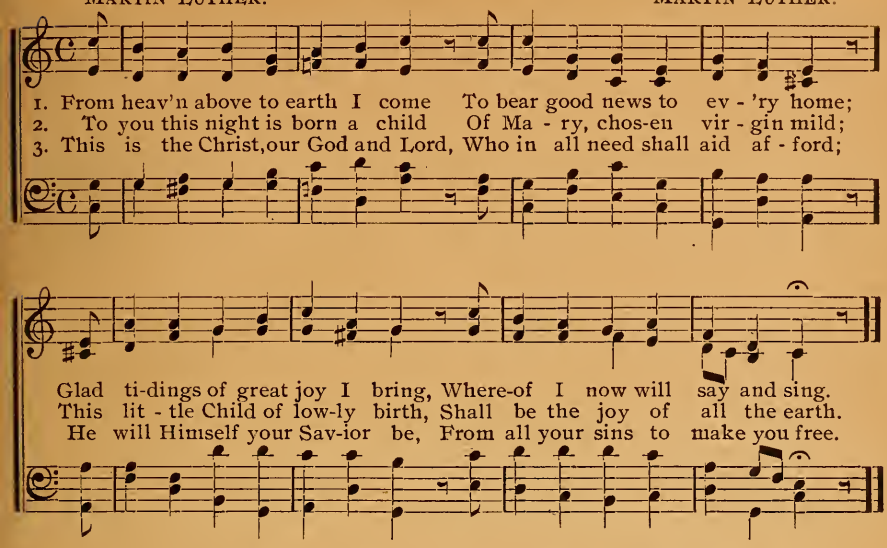
3 That we on Thee, our Father, call
Who canst and wilt give help to all;
That as Thy children we may live,
Whom Thou in Baptism didst receive.

4 That, if we fall we rise again,
Repentingly confess our sin,
And take the sacrament in faith;—
Amen. God grant a happy death!

M. L. HELMBOLD.

26 From Heaven Above to Earth I Come.

MARTIN LUTHER. MARTIN LUTHER.



4 He brings those blessings, long ago
Prepared by God for all below,
That in His heavenly Kingdom blest
You may with us forever rest.

5 Now let us all with gladness cheer,
Follow the shepherds, and draw near,
To see the wondrous gift of God,
Who hath His own dear Son bestowed.

6 Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes!
What is it in yon manger lies?
Who is this Child so young and fair?
Dear little Jesus lieth there.

7 Ah! dearest Jesus, holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

8 My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep;
I, too, must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle song:

9 Glory to God in highest heaven,
Who unto man His Son hath given!
While angels sing with pious mirth,
A glad new year to all the earth.

27

1 The old year now hath passed away,
We thank Thee Christ our Lord, to-day
That Thou hast kept us through the year,
When danger and distress were near,

2 We pray Thee, O Eternal Son,
Who with the Father reign'st as one,
To guard and rule Thy Christendom
Through all the ages yet to come.

3 Take not Thy saving Word away,
Our soul's true comfort, staff, and stay;
Abide with us, and keep us free
From all false doctrines graciously.

4 O help us to forsake all sin,
A new and holier course begin:
From last year's sins, Lord, hide Thy face,
In this new year grant us Thy grace:

5 That as true Christians we may live,
Or die in peace that Thou canst give.
To rise again when Thou shalt come,
And enter our eternal home.

6 There shall we thank Thee and adore,
With all the angels evermore;
Lord Jesus Christ, increase our faith
To praise Thy name through life and death

I. STEUERLEIN.

28 Joy to the World.

HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world, the Sav-iour reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While
3. No more let sin and sor-row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The

ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing; And
fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re-peat the sound-ing joy; Re-
comes to make His bless-ing flow Far as the curse is found; Far
glo-ries of His right-eous-ness, And won-ders of His love; And

And heav'n and na-ture

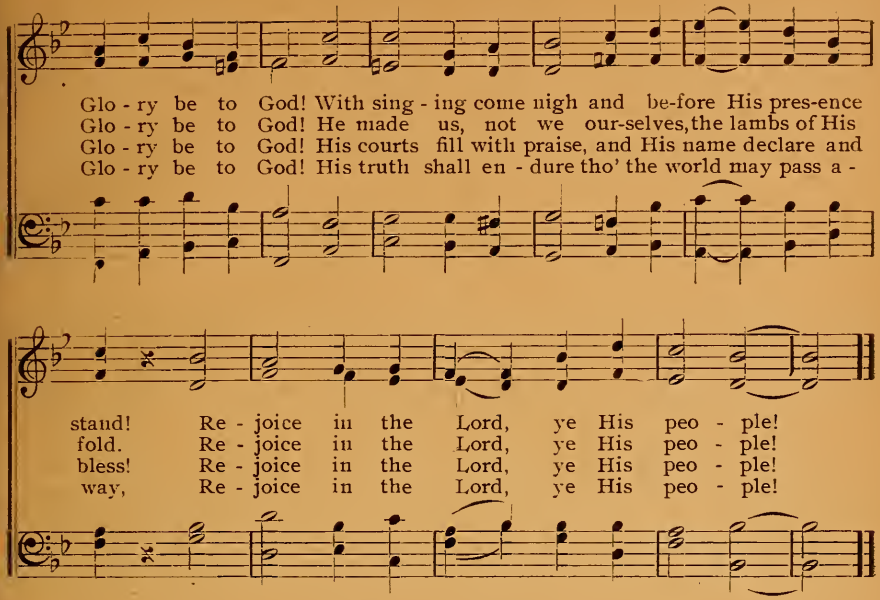
Heav'n and na-ture sing, ... And heav'n and na-ture sing.
peat the sound-ing joy, ... Re-peat the sounding joy.
as the curse is found, ... Far as the curse is found.
won-ders of His love, ... And won-ders of His love.

sing. And heav'n and nature sing.

29 Make Noises of Joy.

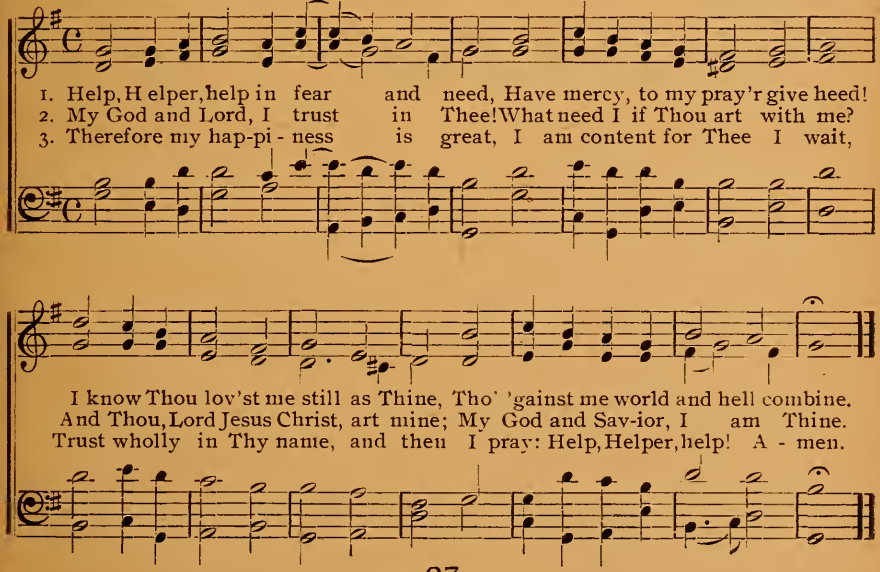
Hundredth Psalm. D. G. R. 1897. ERIK HOFF. About 1870.

1. Make nois-es of joy un-to the Lord ev-'ry land!
2. Know ye that the Lord is God Je-ho-vah of old.
3. Thanks-giv-ing ye en-ter in-to His ho-ly gates!
4. The Lord He is good, and His mer-cy lasts al-way,



30 Help, Helper, help in Fear and Need.

JOH. JAK. LANG. French. 1540.



31 All Hail the Power.

Rev. E. Perronet. 1780. O. Holden. 1793.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Let ev - ery kin - dred, ev - ery tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

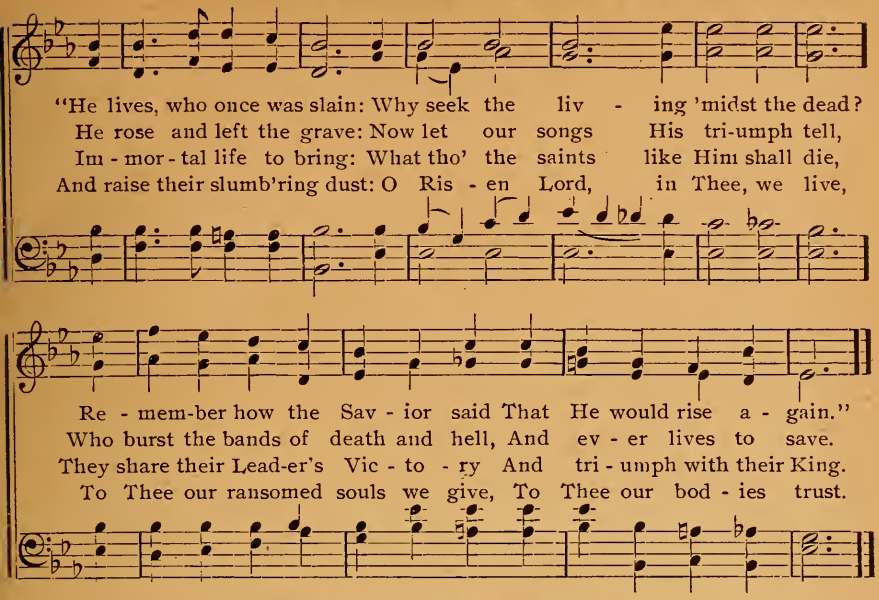
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

32 Come, See the Place Where Jesus Lay.

Thomas Kelly. 1769–1855. W. Stokes.

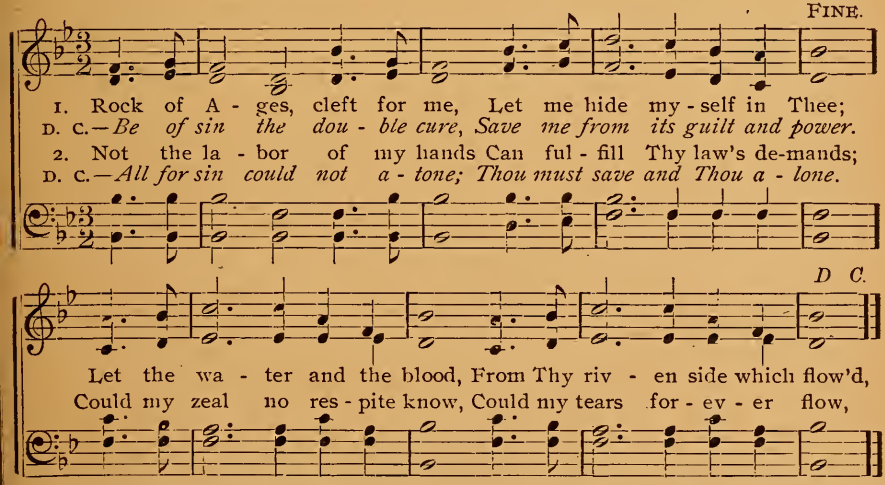
1. Come, see the place where Je-sus lay, And hear an - gel - ic watchers say,—
2. O joy - ful sound! O glorious hour, When by His own Al-might-y power
3. The first be - got-ten of the dead, For us He rose, our glorious Head,
4. No more they trem-ble at the grave, For Je - sus will their spir-its save,

Come, See the Place Where Jesus Lay.



33 Rock of Ages.

Rev. A. M. Toplady. 1776. Dr. Thos. Hastings. 1830.



3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless. look to Thee for grace;
Foul. I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

34 Holy, Lord God Almighty.

R. Heber, D. D. Rev. John B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord, God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our songs shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God, whose dear presence fills e - ter - ni - ty.
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns a-round the glas - sy sea; Cher - u - bim and Sera-phim fall - ing down be-fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art Ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur-i - ty.

35 Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on thy might - y sword;
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,
4. To Thee, great One in Three, E - ter - nal prais - es be

Come, Thou Almighty King.

Help us to praise: Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous. Come, and reign o - ver us An - cient of Days.
Our pray'r at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy word suc-cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.
In this glad hour; Thou, who al - might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.
Hence ev - er - more! Thy sovereign maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see. And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

36 Just as I Am.

MISS CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1834. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout, With many a con-flict, many a doubt,

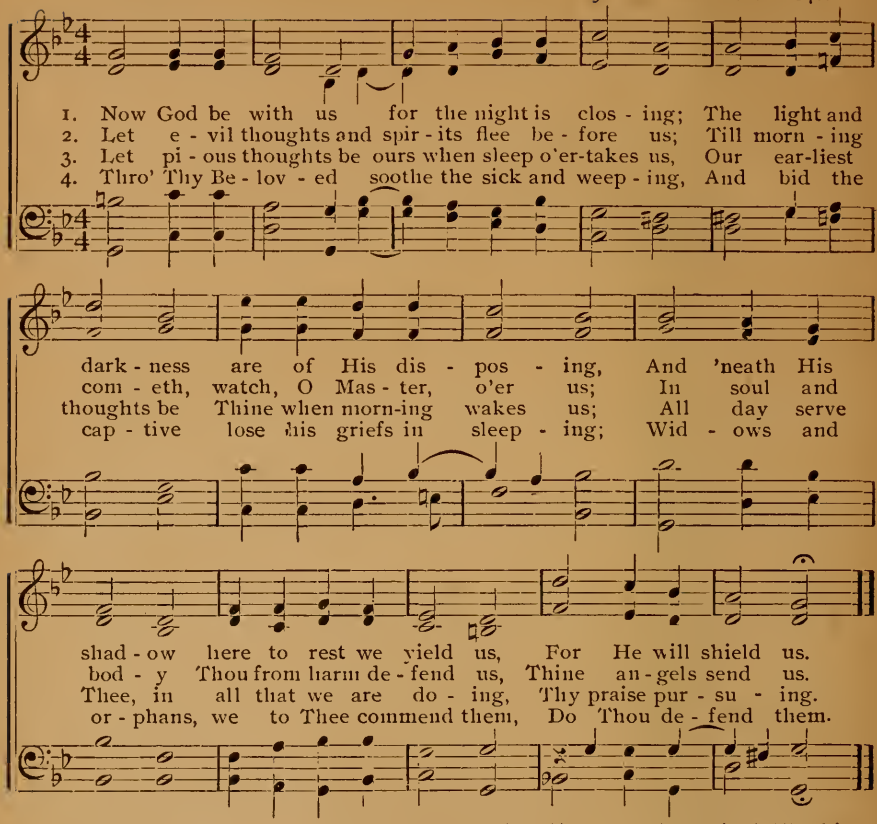
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot. O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Fight-ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

37 Now God Be with Us.

P. Herbert. Johan Cruger. 1640.

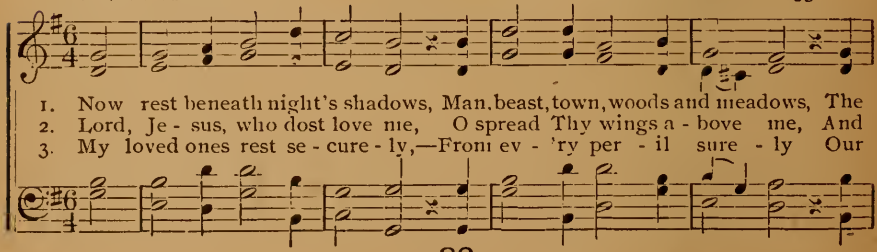


5 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us;
But Thy dear presence will not leave them [lonely
Who seek Thee only.

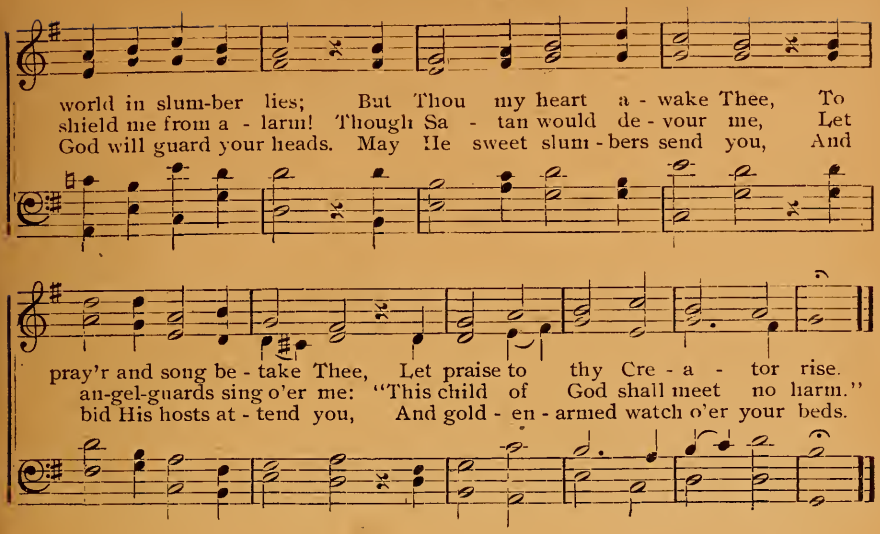
6 Father. Thy name be praised, Thy kingdom given.
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven,
Give daily bread, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever.

38 Now Rest Beneath Night's Shadows.

Henri Isaak. Henri Isaak. 1536.

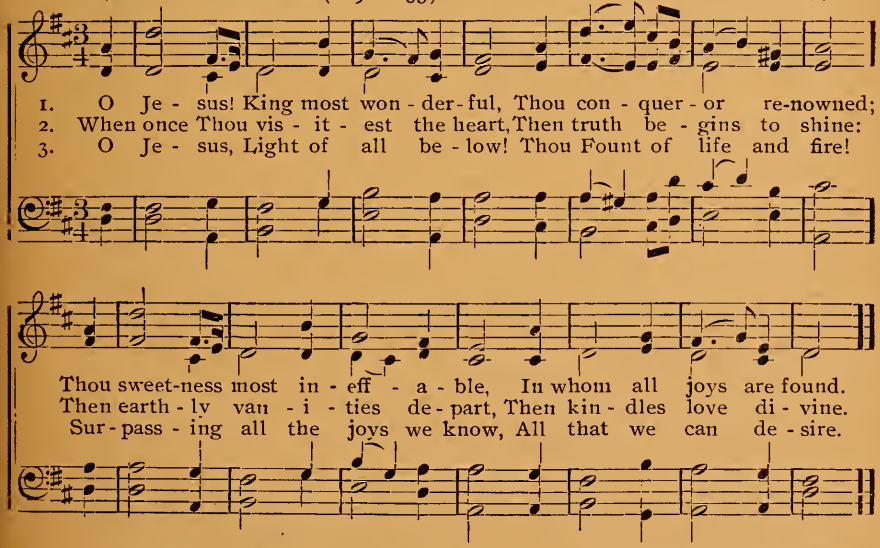


Now Rest Beneath Night's Shadows.



39 O, Jesus King.

BERNARD of Clairvaux (1091–1153). G. F. HANDEL.

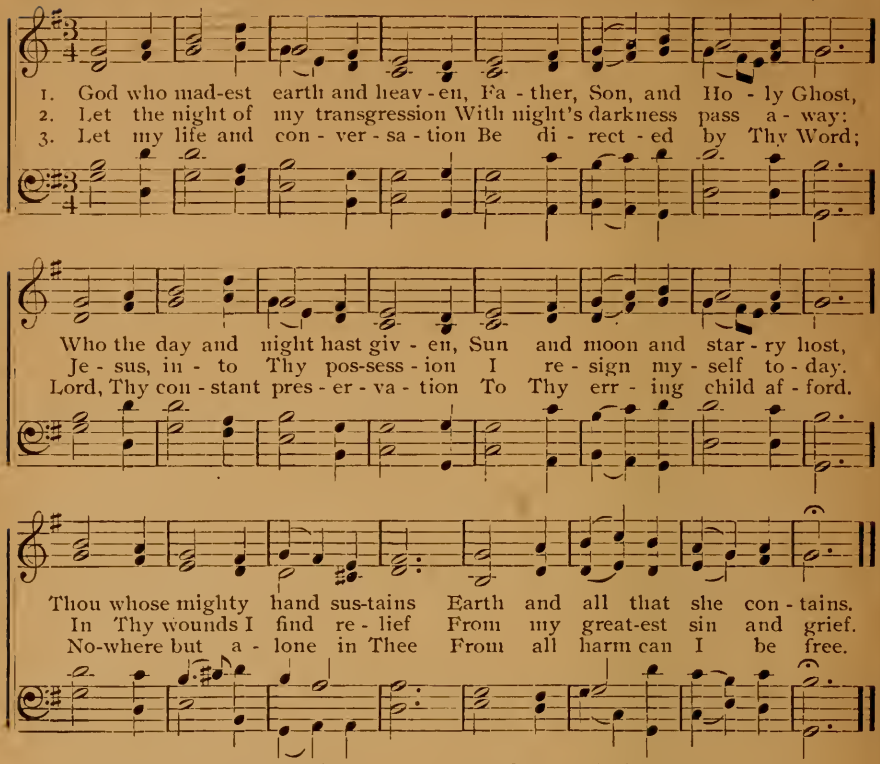


4 May every heart confess Thy Name,
And ever Thee adore;
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues forever bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own. Amen.

40 God Who Madest Earth and Heaven.

HEINRICH ALBERT. HEINRICH ALBERT. 1642.

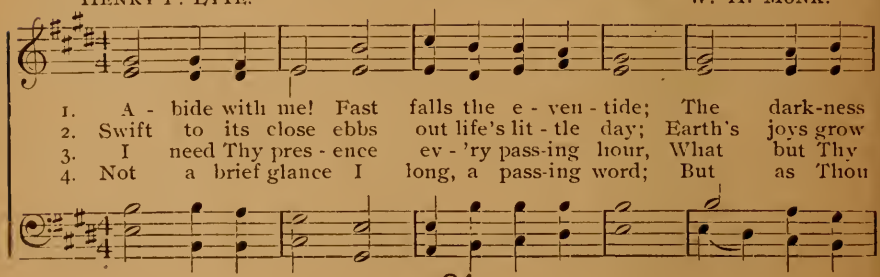


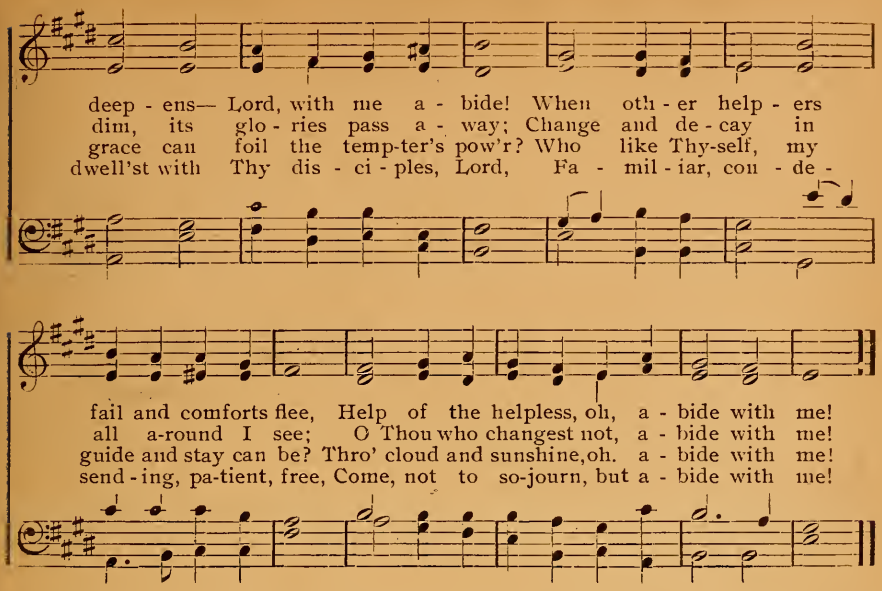
4 Wholly to Thy blest protection
I commit my heart and mind.
Mighty God! to Thy direction
Wholly may I be resigned,
Lord, my Shield, my Light divine,
O accept and own me Thine!

5 Lord, to me Thine angel sending,
Keep me from the subtle foe;
From his craft and might defending,
Never let Thy wanderer go,
Till my final rest be come,
And Thine angel bear me home.

41 Abide With Me!

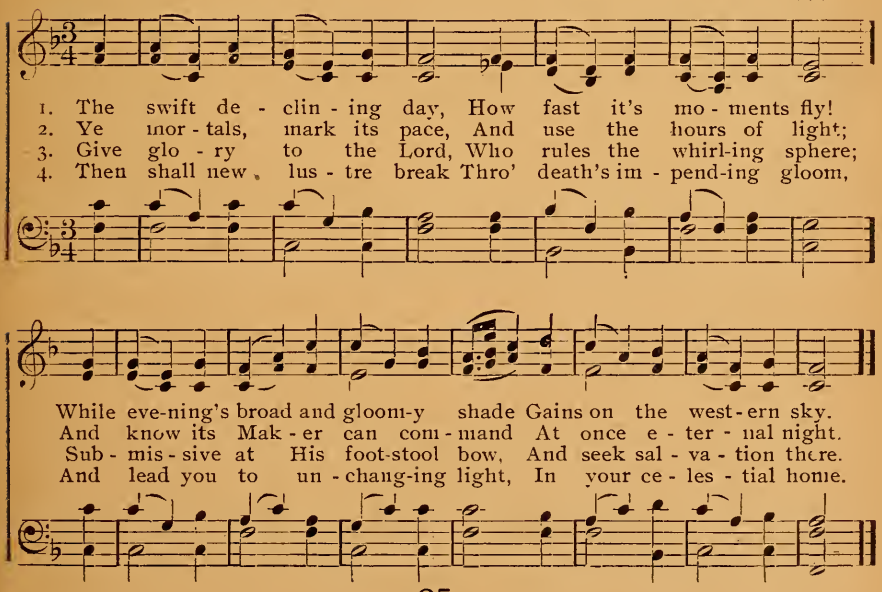
HENRY F. LYTE. W. H. MONK.





42 The Swift Declining Day.

H. G. NAGELL.



43 Lift Up Your Heads, Ye Mighty Gates.

GEORGE WEISSEL. J. STOBÆUS.

1. Lift up your heads, ye might-y gates! Be - hold the King of glo - ry waits;
2. The Lord is just, a Help-er tried, Mer - cy is ev - er at His side;
3. O blest the land, the cit - y blest, Where Christ the Rul-er is con - fest!

The King of kings is drawing near, The Sav - ior of the world is here;
His king-ly crown is ho - li - ness, His scep - ter, pit - y in dis-tress,
O hap-py hearts and hap-py homes To whom this King in triumph comes!

Life and sal - va - tion He doth bring, Wherefore re - joice and glad-ly sing:
The end of all our woe He brings; Wherefore the earth is glad and sings:
The cloud-less Sun of joy He is, Who bring-eth pure de-light and bliss:

We praise Thee, Fa - ther, now, Cre - a - tor, wise art Thou!
We praise Thee, Sav - ior, now, Cre - a - tor, wise art Thou!
O Com - fort - er Di - vine, What bound - less grace is Thine!

4 Fling wide the portals of your heart;
Make it a temple, set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy;
So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin:
To Thee, O God, be praise,
For word and deed and grace!

5 Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide!
Let me Thy inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal;
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,
Until our glorious goal be won!
Eternal praise and fame
We offer to Thy name.

44 Come, Sing Our Christmas Lay!

(*In Dulci Jubilo.*)

From German 1646. Tr. by D. G. R. 1897. 14th Century.

1. Come, sing our Christmas lay,..... Re-joice, re - joice and say:.....
2. Oh, Son of God on high!..... I yearn to come Thee nigh!..... Be
3. Great is the Fa-ther's grace:..... His Son takes sin-ner's place!..... I
4. Where is this joy - ful land?..... It's where the hap-py band..... Of

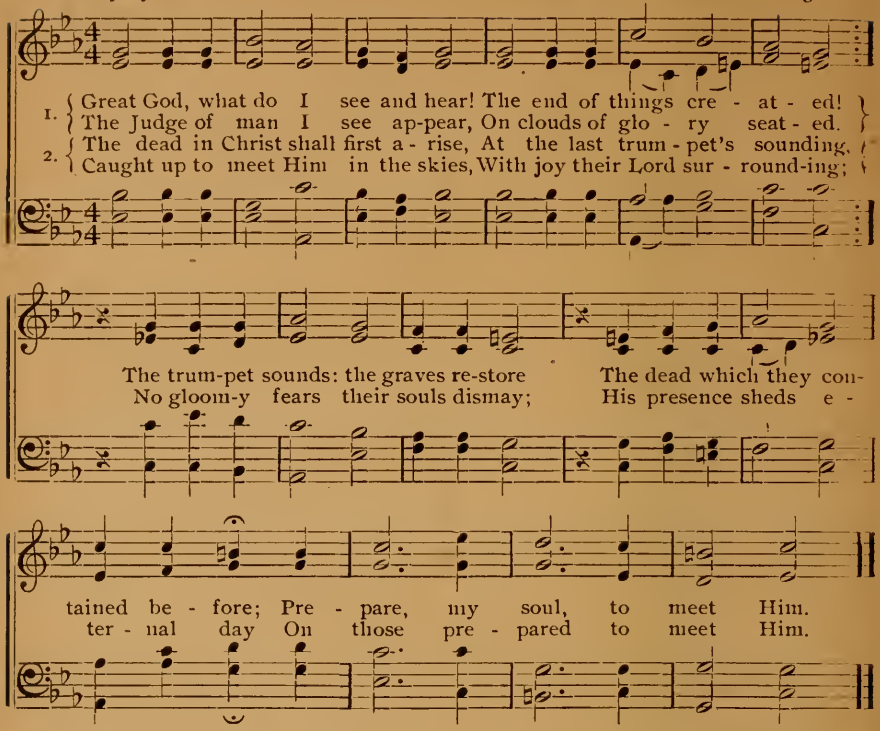
In a man - ger low - ly Lies our hearts' de - light.....
Thou my con - so - la - tion And my heart's com - fort here.....
was in con-demn - na - tion Thro' sin and van - i - ty.....
saints and an - gels' voic - es With psalms and mu - sic sweet.....

A Babe, sweet, pure and ho - - ly Ra-diant, fair and bright, My
Be Thou my soul's sal - va - tion My hap - pi - ness and cheer!
But Christ by His sal - va - tion Gained heaven's joy for me,
Be-fore God's throne re - joic - es A - dor - ing at His feet,

on - ly joy is He;..... My on - ly joy is He.
Draw me un - to Thee;..... Draw me un - to Thee.
O that I were there!..... O that I were there!
O that we were there!..... O that we were there!

45 Great God, What Do I See and Hear.

Partly by WILLIAM B. COLLYER. MELCHIOR FRANCK. 1631.

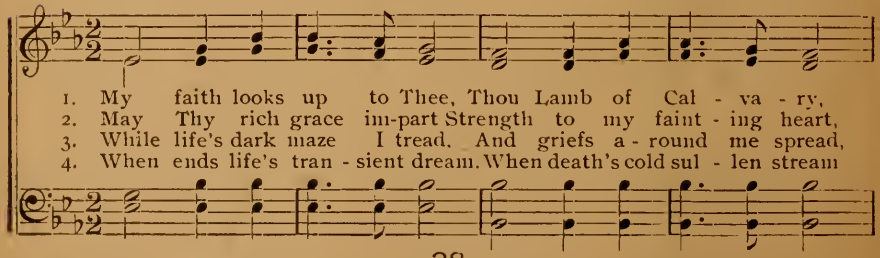


3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing;
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

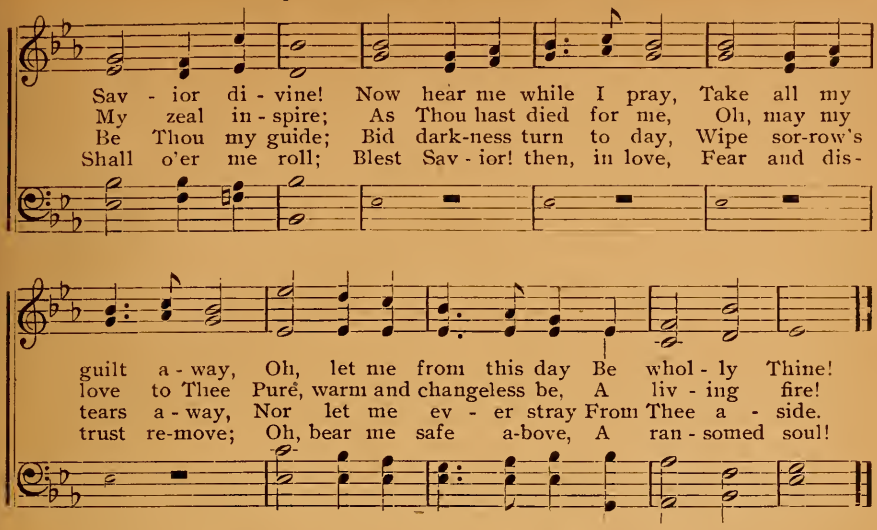
4 O Christ, who diedst and yet dost live,
To me impart Thy merit;
My pardon seal, my sins forgive,
And cleanse me by Thy Spirit.
Beneath Thy cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Thee.

46 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. LOWELL MASON.

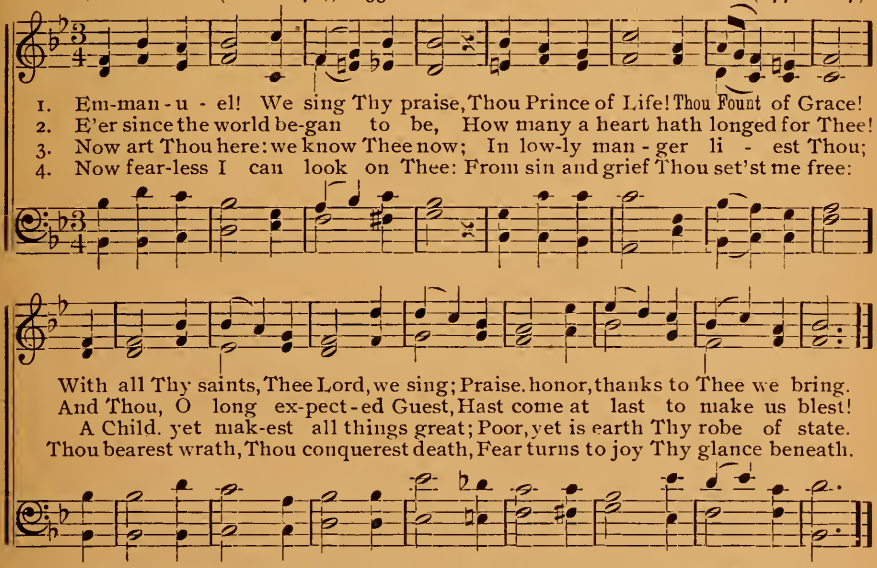


My Faith Looks Up To Thee.



47 Emmanuel! We Sing Thy Praise.

PAUL GERHARDT (1606–1676), 1653. From LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. (1770–1827).



5 Thou art my Head, my Lord divine:
I am Thy member, wholly Thine;
And in Thy Spirit's strength would still
Serve Thee according to Thy will.

6 Thus will I sing Thy praises here,
With joyful spirit year by year:
And they shall sound before Thy throne,
Where time nor number more is known.

48 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That rais - eth me! Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone. Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
4. Then with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my storm-y griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

49

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2 Nearer, my Lord, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
Who to Thy cross didst come
Dying for me!
Strengthen my willing feet!
Hold me in service sweet
Nearer, O Christ, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 Nearer, O Comforter,
Nearer to Thee!
Who with my loving Lord
Dwellest with me!
Grant me Thy fellowship!
Help me each day to keep
Nearer, my Guide, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 But to be nearer still,
Bring me, O God!
Not by the visioned steeps
Angels have trod.
Here where Thy cross I See
Jesus, I wait for Thee,
Then evermore to be
Nearer to Thee!

H. D. GANSE.

50 Set Bounds to Your Sorrow.

Prudentius. 405. Wittenberg. 1542.

1. Set bounds to your sor - row and griev - ing, And seek in God's word thy re - liev - ing; Let mourn - ing not grow in - to sin - ning; This dy - ing is true life's be - gin - ning.
2. Bound up in its shroud, a-midst weep - ing, This corpse is laid down to its sleep - ing, Let em - blems of sleep be the to - ken, That one day, death's bonds shall be bro - ken.
3. Al - though now the heart no more beat - eth The eye with thine own nev - er meet - eth, God's sleep - ing ones are not for - sak - en; From slum - ber He'll bid them a - wak - en.

4 This body, so waisted and shattered,
This dust that 'midst dust shall be scattered
Shall then be raised up, and inherit
New life with the glorified spirits.

5 The grain sown to-day in the furrow,
No trace leaves behind it to-morrow,
Yet lo, soon the fresh blade is springing,
Glad cheer to the husbandman bringing!

6 O Earth, we lay down in thy bosom
A seed from which life once shall blossom;
Receive it in charge of its Maker:
'Tis therefore we call thee God's acre.

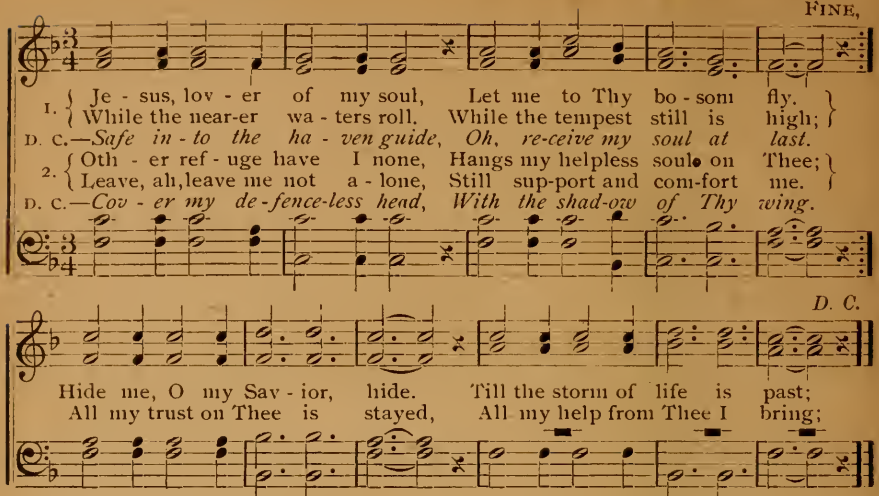
7 A soul in this frame was residing
That trustfully followed Christ's guiding,
And now sees unveiled the salvation
It hoped for with glad expectation.

8 This body—O Earth, thou must shield it;
Now to thy safe keeping we yield it,
Till Christ comes again, to awake it
And like to His body to make it.

9 We praise Thee, and thank Thee, O Father,
That Thou Thine own children dost gather
To sleep after life's fitful story;
From sleep to the mansions of glory.

51 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Rev. Chas. Wesley. Simeon B. Marsh.

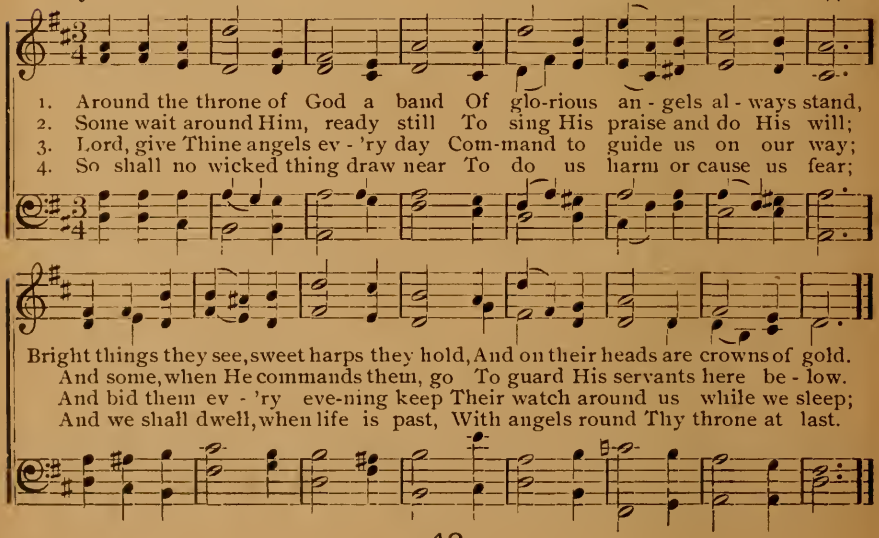


3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

52 Around the Throne of God a Band!

John Mason Neale. 1866. Francis Reginald Statham. 1844.



53 Asleep in Jesus! Blessed Sleep.

MARGARET MACKAY. JOSEPH CLAUDER. 1630.

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep;
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slumber meet;
3. A - sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su - preme-ly blest;
4. A - sleep in Je - sus! O, for me May such a bliss-ful ref - uge be:

A calm and un - dis - turbed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death hath lost his ven-omed sting!
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour That man-i - fests the Sav-ior's power.
Se-cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, And wait the summons from on high.

54 Sun of My Soul.

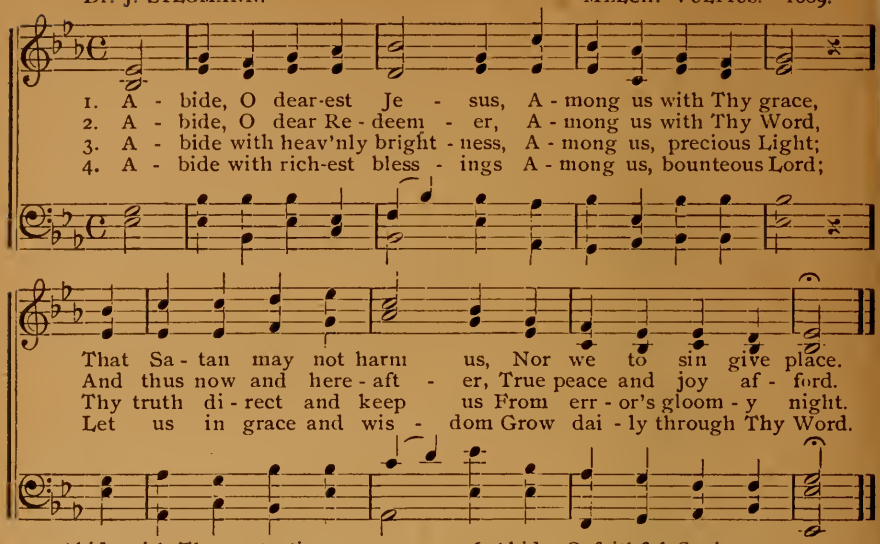
JOHN KEBLE. PETER RITTER.

1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near:
2. When soft the dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gent - ly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest For-ev - er on my Sav-ior's breast!
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
A - bide with me till in Thy love I lose my - self in heav'n a-bove.

55 Abide, O Dearest Jesus.

Dr. J. Stegmann. Melch. Vulpius. 1609.

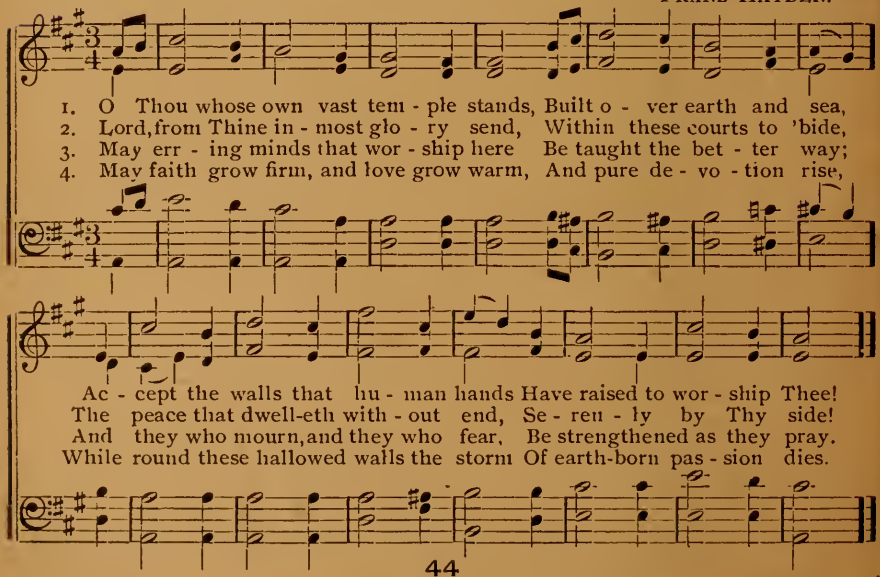


5 Abide with Thy protection
Among us, Lord our Strength;
Lest world and Satan fell us,
And overcome at length.

6 Abide, O faithful Savior,
Among us with Thy love,
Grant Steadfastness, and help us
To reach our home above.

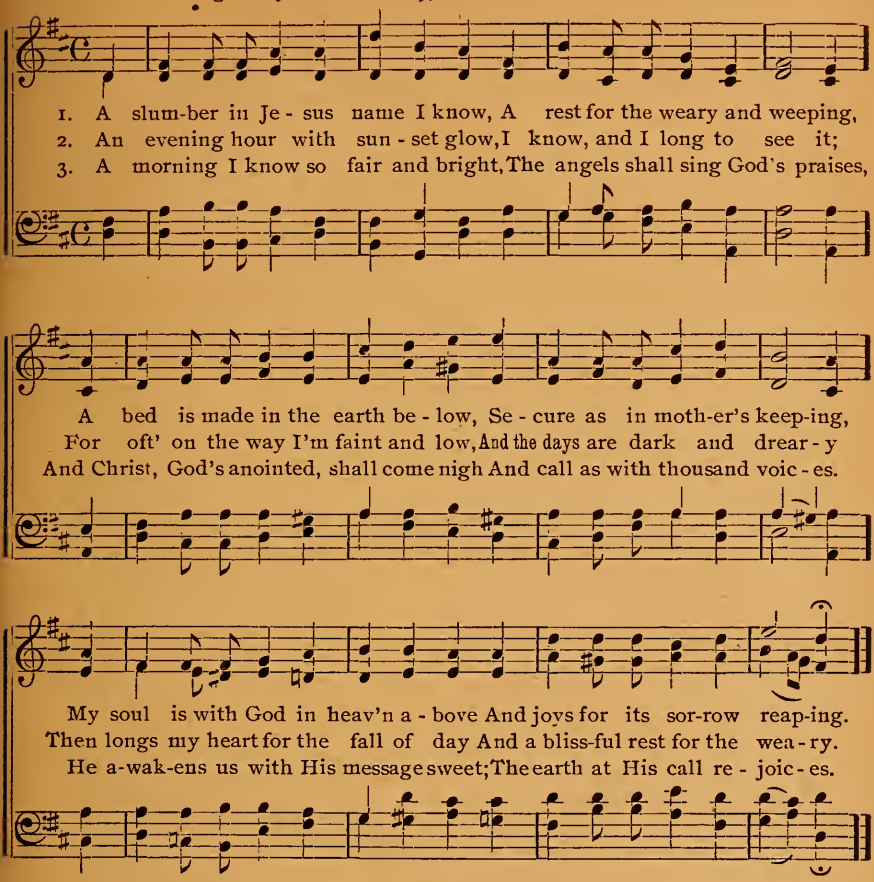
56 O Thou, Whose Own Vast Temple Stands.

Franz Hayden.



57 A Slumber in Jesus' Name I Know.

MAGNUS BROSTRUP LANDSTAD. Died 1880.
Tr. from Norwegian by D. G. R. 1897. C. E. F. WEISE. 1826.



4 So dear is the thought of this morn to me,
To my mind it often comes streaming
That with jubilant song I at last shall see
On the hill tops the golden dawn gleaming
As the little bird's sing in their happy glee,
In the Lindens at daybreaks beaming.

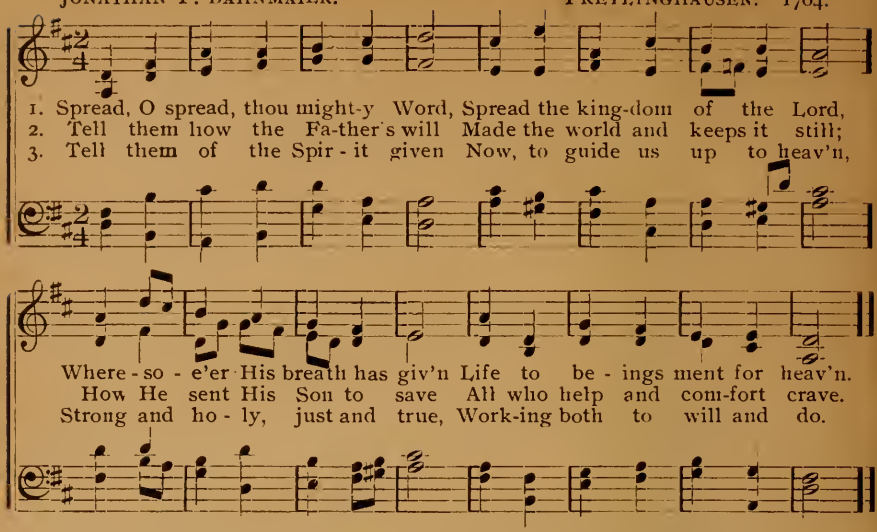
5 And Christ doth appear amidst angels throng,
His voice all peoples assemble;
Then crumbles to dust every fetter strong,
The depths of the ocean tremble,
He cries: "All ye dead ones arise, arise!"
In glory we God resemble!

6 And lo! there above is the gate ajar!
By name all the chosen are greeted.
Help God, on this day that Thy people we are;
That our dear ones in heaven we meeteth.
Oh, grant thro' the blood of Jesus Christ,
That in heaven we all may be seated.

7 Oh, Jesus, be near me when I die,
And touch me with tender blessing
And say that this maid, or this little boy
Is not dead, but is only sleeping.
Then trusting to Thee I rest till the day
When I wake in the land of the living.

58 Spread, O Spread Thou Mighty Word.

JONATHAN F. BAHNMAIER. FREYLINGHAUSEN. 1704.



4 Word of life, most pure and strong,
Lo, for Thee the nations long:
Spread, till from its dreary night
All the world awakes to light.

5 Lord of harvest, let there be
Joy and strength to work for Thee:
Let the nations far and near,
See Thy light and learn Thy fear.

59

1 Heaven and earth, and see and air,
All their Maker's praise declare:
Wake, my soul, awake and sing,
Now thy grateful praises bring.

2 See how He hath everywhere
Made this earth so rich and fair;
Hill and vale and fruitful land,
All things living show His hand.

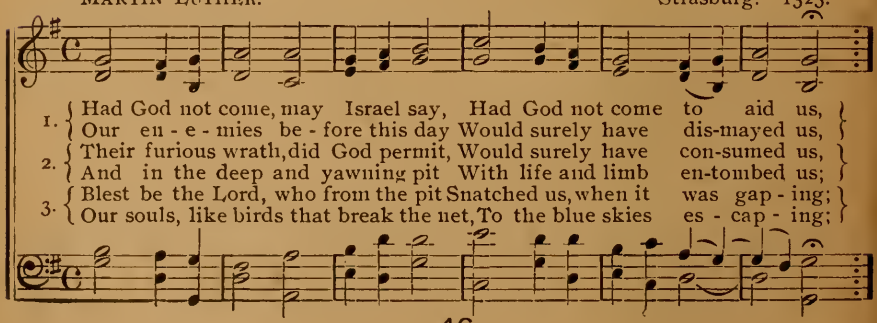
3 See the waters ceaseless flow,
Ever circling to and fro:
From the sources to the sea,
Still it rolls in praise to Thee.

4 Lord, great wonders workest Thou!
To Thy sway all creatures bow:
Write Thou deeply in my heart
What I am and what Thou art.

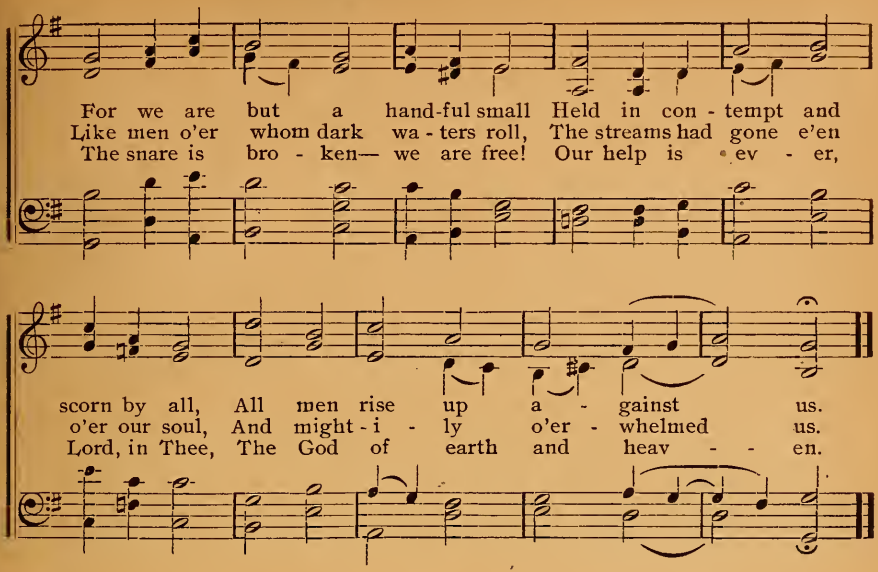
JOACHIM NEANDER.

60 Had God Not Come.

MARTIN LUTHER. Strasburg. 1525.



Had God Not Come.



61

1 Lord Jesus, Thou art truly good!
Thou spreadst for our salvation
Thy body and Thy blood as food,
And giv'st us invitation.
As weary souls, with sin oppressed,
We come to Thee for needed rest,
For counsel and forgiveness.

2 Although Thou didst ascend to heaven,
Where angels bow before Thee,
And now to mortals 'tis not given
By sight here to adore Thee,
Until begins Thy judgment grand.
When we before Thy throne shall stand,
And cheerfully behold Thee;

3 Yet art Thou ever with us, Lord,
And with Thy congregation,
And not confined—so says Thy Word—
To any habitation.
Firm as a rock Thy Word still stands,
Unshaken by the en'mies' hands,
Though they be e'er so cunning.

4 Thou say's: "This is my body; eat,
And orally receive me!
This is my blood; drink all of it,
And henceforth never leave me!"
What Thou hast spoken, true must be:
Thou art almighty, and with Thee
Impossible is nothing.

5 Although my reason cannot see
How in so many places
Thy body at a time may be,
Yet faith Thy Word embraces.
How it can be I leave to Thee,
Thy Word alone sufficeth me,
For Thou wilt that we trust it.

6 Lord, I believe in simple trust,
Strength in my weakness give me
For I am naught but sinful dust,
Nor of Thy word bereave me,
Thy Baptism, Supper, and Thy Word,
My consolation are, O Lord,
For they contain my treasure.

7 Grant that we worthily receive
Thy supper Lord, our Savior,
That for our sins we truly grieve,
And prove by our behaviour
That we obtain Thy saving grace
And trust in it throughout our days;
Then will our life be godly.

8 For Thy consoling Supper, Lord,
Be praised throughout all ages!
Preserve it, for with one accord
The world against it rages.
Grant that Thy body and Thy blood
May be my comfort and sweet food
In my last moments. Amen

62 Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness.

NICOLAUS LUDWIG,
Count von Zinzendorf (1700-1760).

JOHN HATTON (—1793), 1790.

1. Je - sus, Thy Blood and right - eous - ness My beau - ty are, my glo - rious dress; 'Midst flam - ing worlds, in these ar - rayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.
2. Bold shall I stand in Thy great day, For who aught to my charge shall lay? Ful - ly through these ab - solved I am From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
3. This spot - less robe the same ap - pears, When ru - ined na - ture sinks in years: No age can change its con - stant hue; Thy Blood pre - serves it ev - er new.

4 O let the dead now hear Thy voice;
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice!
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness!

5 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then this shall be all my plea,
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."

63 Jesus, Still Lead On,

NICHOLAUS ZINZENDORF.

Darmsdädter GES. BUCH. 1698

1. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won! And al-though the
2. If the way be drear, If the foe be near, Let not faith - less
3. When we seek re - lief From a long - felt grief; When temp-ta - tions
4. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won! Heav'nly Lead - er,

way be cheer - less, We will fol - low, calm and fear - less.
fears o'er - take us, Let not faith and hope for - sake us;
come al - lur - ing, Make us pa - tient and en - dur - ing:
still di - rect us, Still sup - port, con - sole, pro - tect us,

Guide us by Thy hand To our Fa - ther - land!
For through ma - ny a foe To our home we go!
Show us that bright shore Where we weep no more!
Till we safe - ly stand In our Fa - ther - land!

64 A Babe is Born.

Anon. Anon.

1. A Babe is born in Beth - le - hem, Beth - le - hem, There -
2. With-in a man - ger He doth lie, He doth lie, Whose
3. Still-ness was all the man - ger round, man - ger round, The

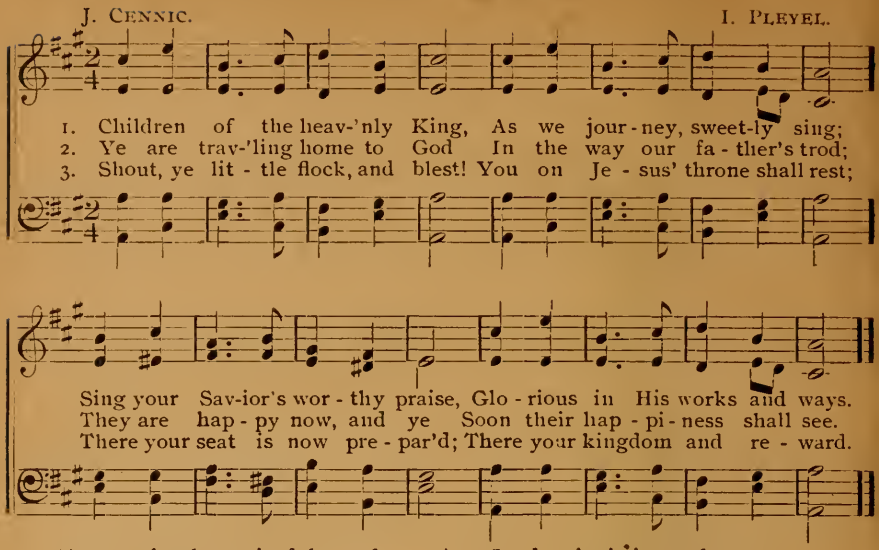
fore re - joice Je - ru - sa - lem. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!
throne is set a - bove the sky. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!
crea-ture its Cre - a - tor found. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!

4 The wise men came, led by the star,
Gold, myrrh, and incense brought from far.

5 His mother is the Virgin mild,
And He the Father's only Child.

65 Children of the Heavenly King.

J. Cennic. I. Pleyel.

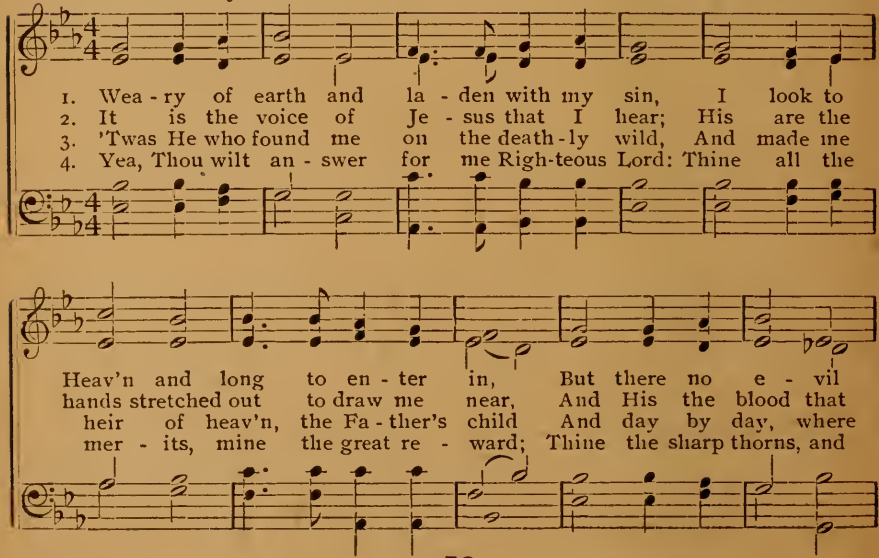


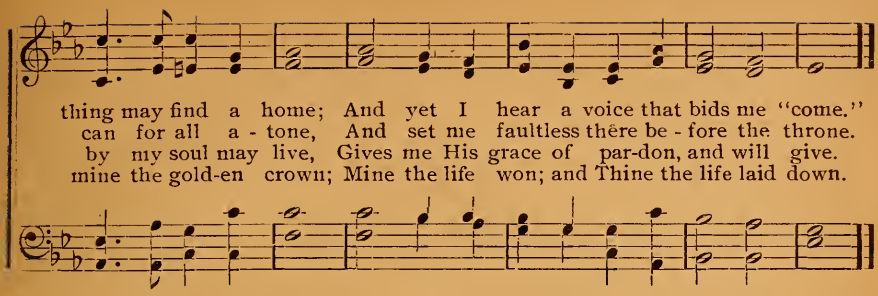
4 Fear not brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

66 Weary of Earth.

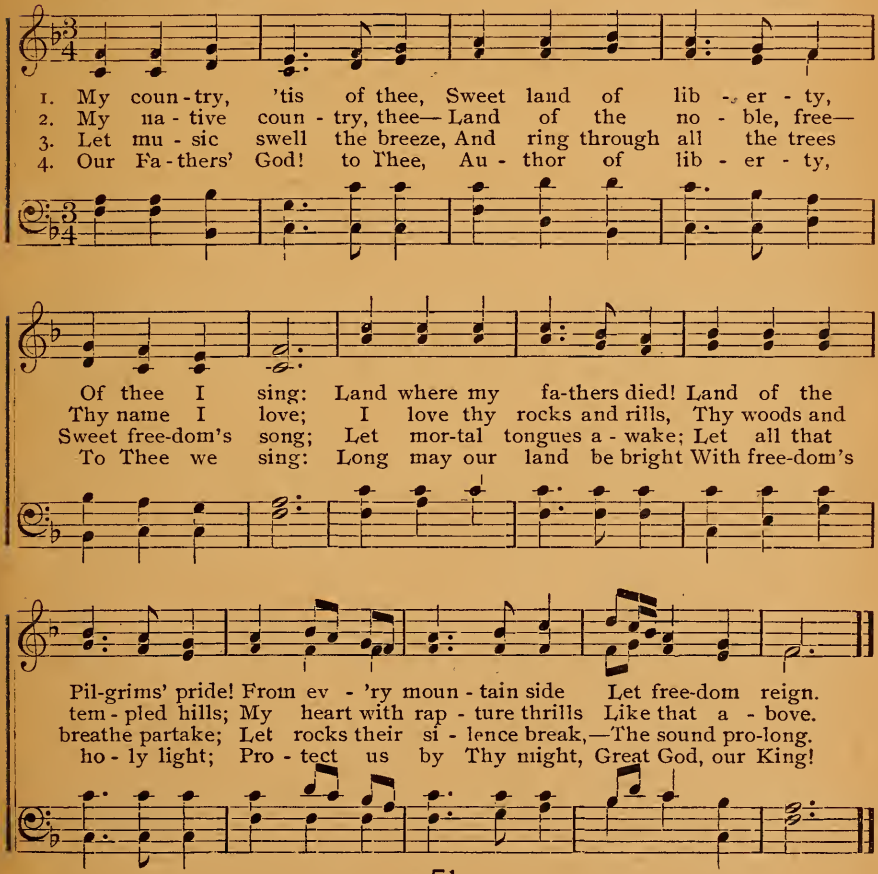
Rev. Samuel John Stone. E. Dearle.





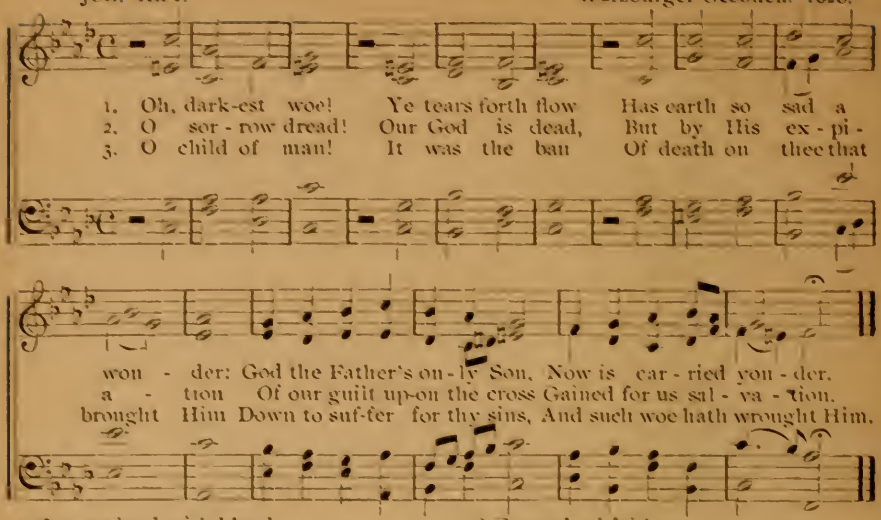
67 America.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY.



68 O Darkest Woe.

JOH. RIST. Würzburger Gesbuch. 1628.

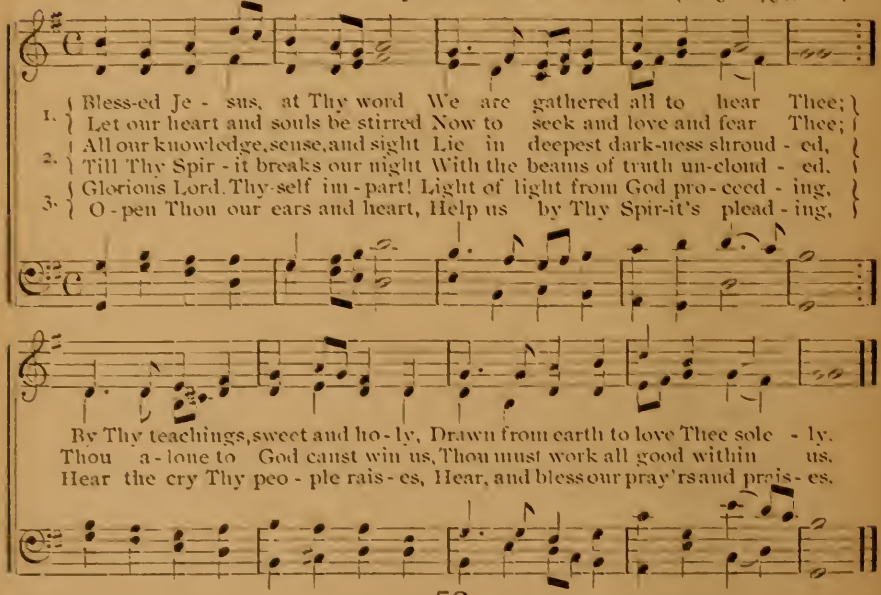


4 See, stained with blood.
The Lamb of God,
The Bridegroom lies before thee,
Pouring out His life that He
May to life restore thee.

5 O Ground of faith,
Laid low in death!
Sweet lips now silent sleeping!
Surely all that live must mourn
Here with bitter weeping.

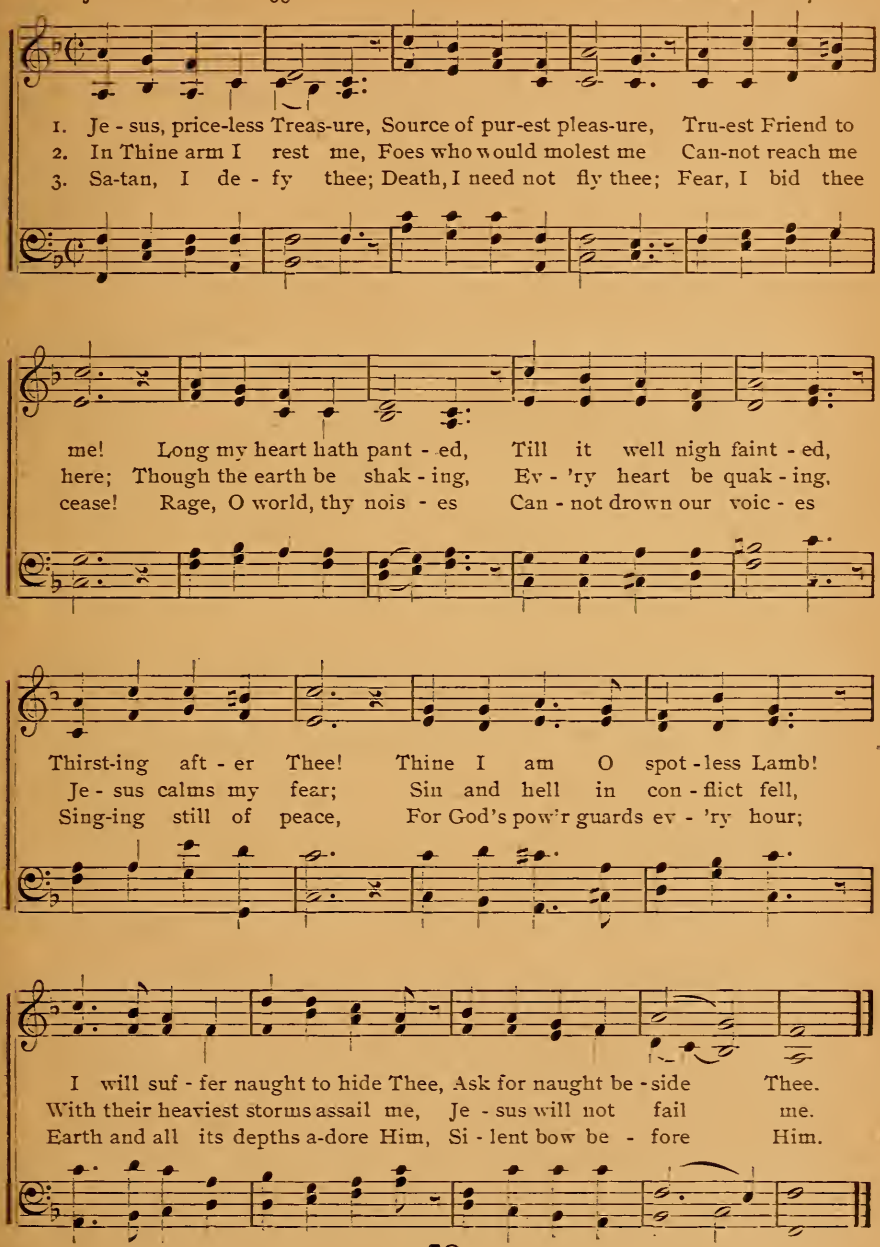
69 Blessed Jesus, At Thy Word.

TOBIAS CLAUSNITZER. JOHANN RUDOLPH AHLE. (1625–1673). 1664.



70 Jesus, Priceless Treasure.

JOH. FRANCK. 1653. L. M. LINDEMAN. 1871.



71 Draw Nigh and Take the Body.

Tr. JOHN M. NEALE. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. Draw nigh and take the bod - y of the Lord,
2. Saved by the bod - y and that ho - ly blood,
3. Sal - va - tion's Giv - er, Christ, the on - ly Son,
4. Of - fered was He for great - est and for least,

And drink the ho - ly blood for you out - poured.
With souls re - freshed, we ren - der thanks to God.
By His dear cross and blood the vic - t'ry won.
Him - self the Vic - tim and Him - self the Priest.

5 Victims were offered by the law of old,
That in a type celestial mysteries told.

6 He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,
Now gives His holy grace, His saints to aid.

7 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.

8 With heavenly bread He makes the hungry whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.

9 Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow
All nations at the doom, is with us now.

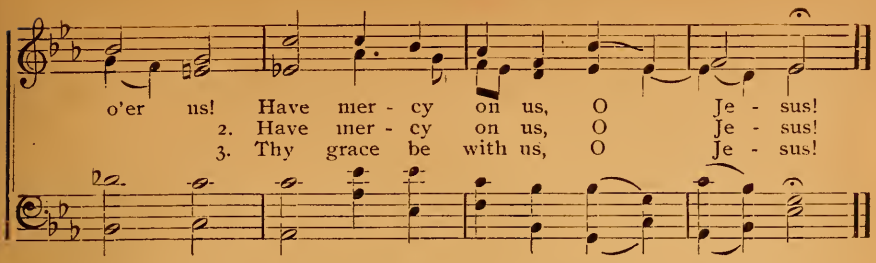
72 O Lamb of God, Most Holy.

NIK. DECIUS. BRAUNSCHWEIG KIRCH. ord. 1552.

1. { O Lamb of God most ho - ly! Who on the cross did lan - guish,
E'er pa-tient, meek and low - ly, Tho' mock'd amid Thine an - guish, }

Our sins Thou learnest for us, Else would des - pair reign

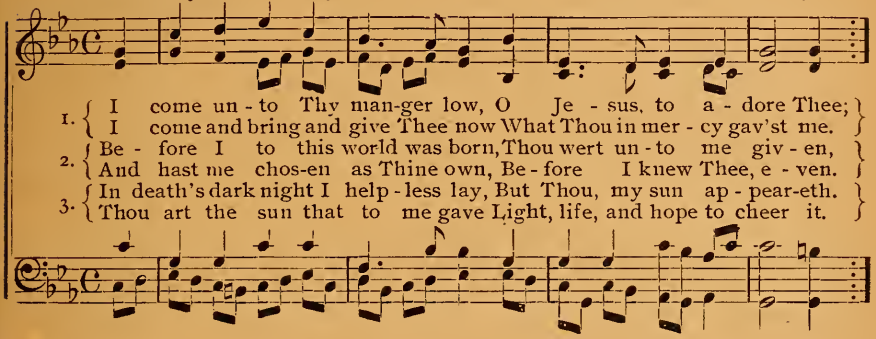
O Lamb of God Most Holy.

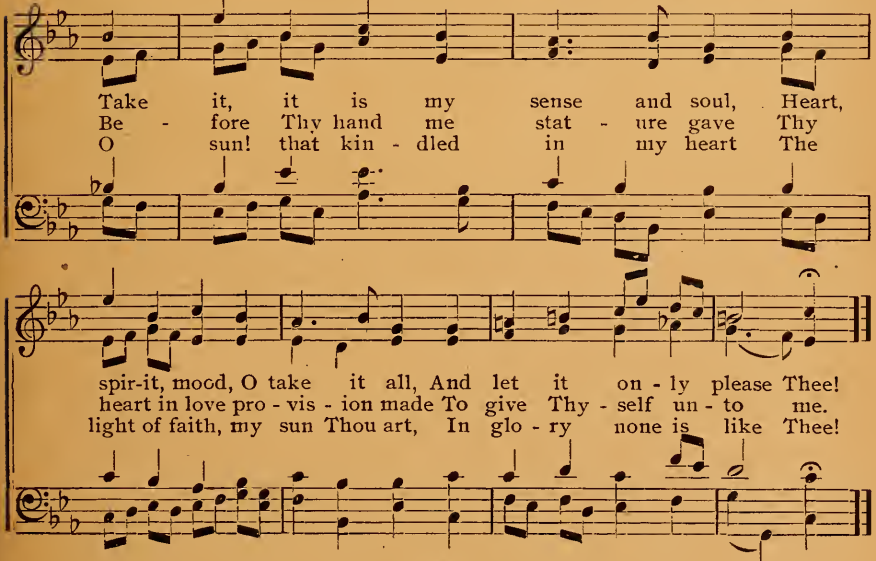


73 I Come Unto Thy Manger Low.

P. Gerhardt.
Tr. from Ger. by D. G. R. 1897.

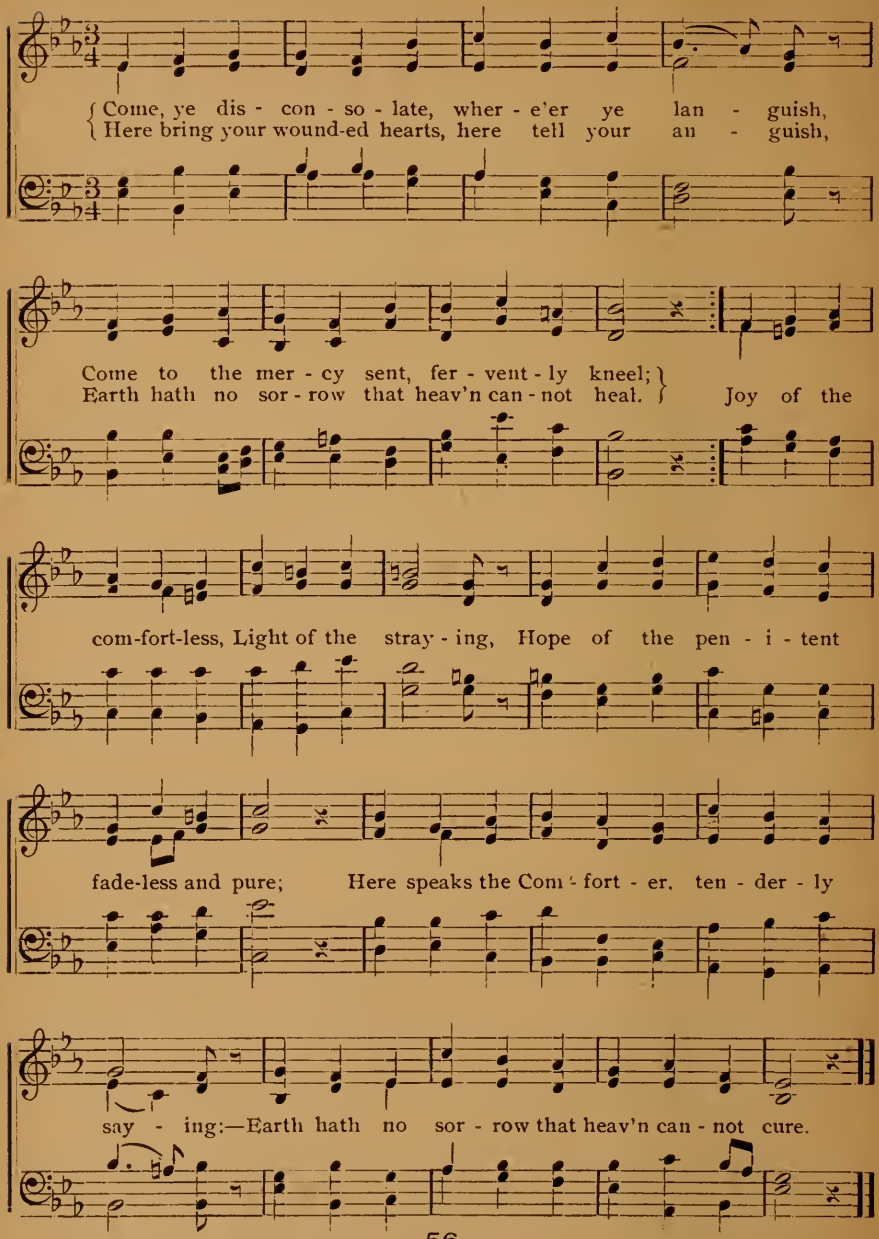
Joh. Seb. Bach. 1736.





74 Come, Ye disconsolate.

T. MOORE. E. PONTOPPIDAN'S Hymnal. 1741.



75 Come, Ye Disconsolate.

THOS. MOORE. Ver. 1 and 2.
THOS. HASTINGS. Ver. 3.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis-con - so-late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the mer - cy seat, fer - vent-ly kneel, Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - guish; Earth hath no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.
2. Joy of the com-fort-less, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure; Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly say - ing— Earth hath no sor - row that heav'n can - not cure.
3. Here see the Bread of life, see wa - ters flow - ing, Forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love: come, ev - er know - ing Earth hath no sor - row but heav'n can re-move.

76

1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all.

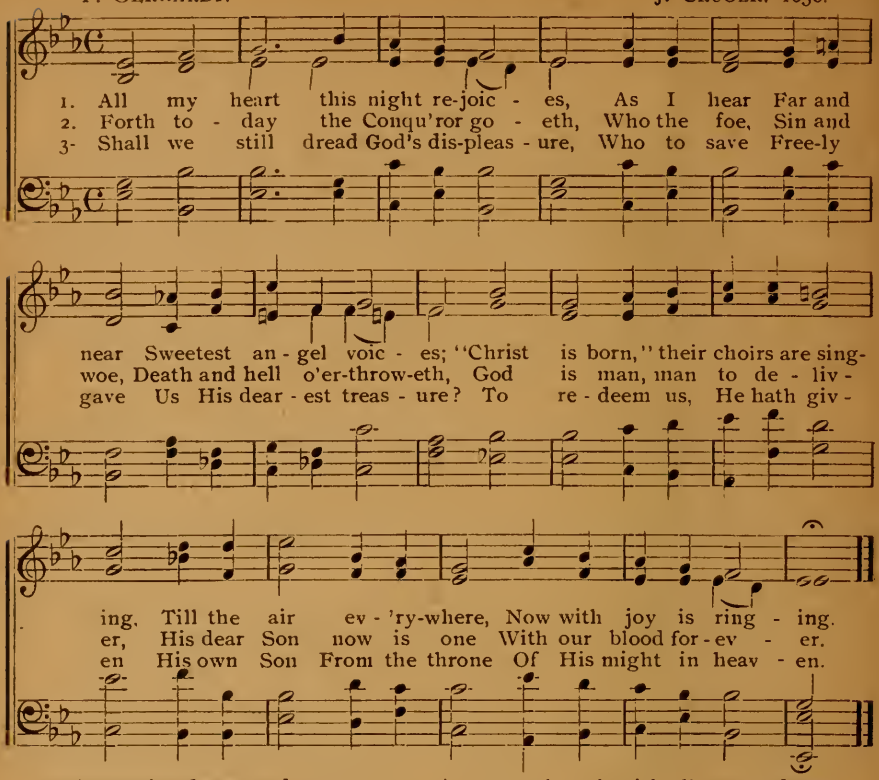
3 Say shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountains, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would His favor secure:
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

R. HEBER.

77 All My Heart This Night Rejoices.

P. Gerhardt. J. Cruger. 1656.

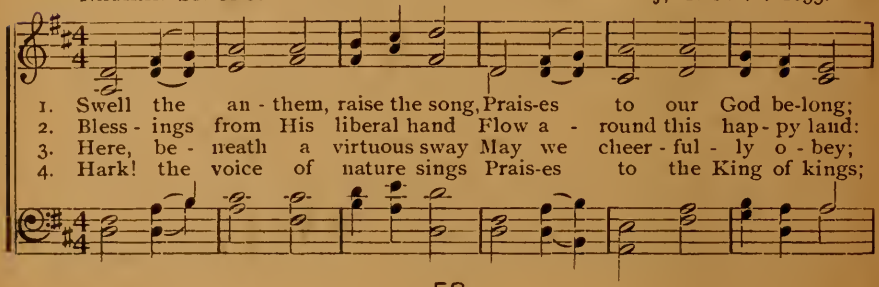


4 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet, Doth entreat:
"Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, from all ills that grieve you,
You are freed, All you need
I will surely give you."

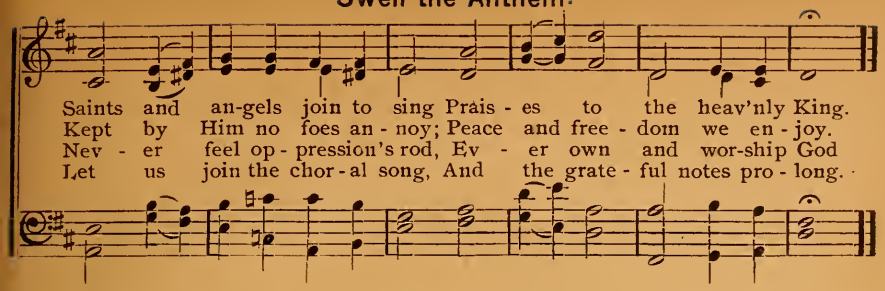
5 Come, then, banish all your sadness,
One and all, Great and small,
Come with songs of gladness;
Love Him who with love is glowing.
Hail the Star Near and far
Light and joy bestowing!

78 Swell the Anthem.

Nathan Strong. J, Cruger. 1653.



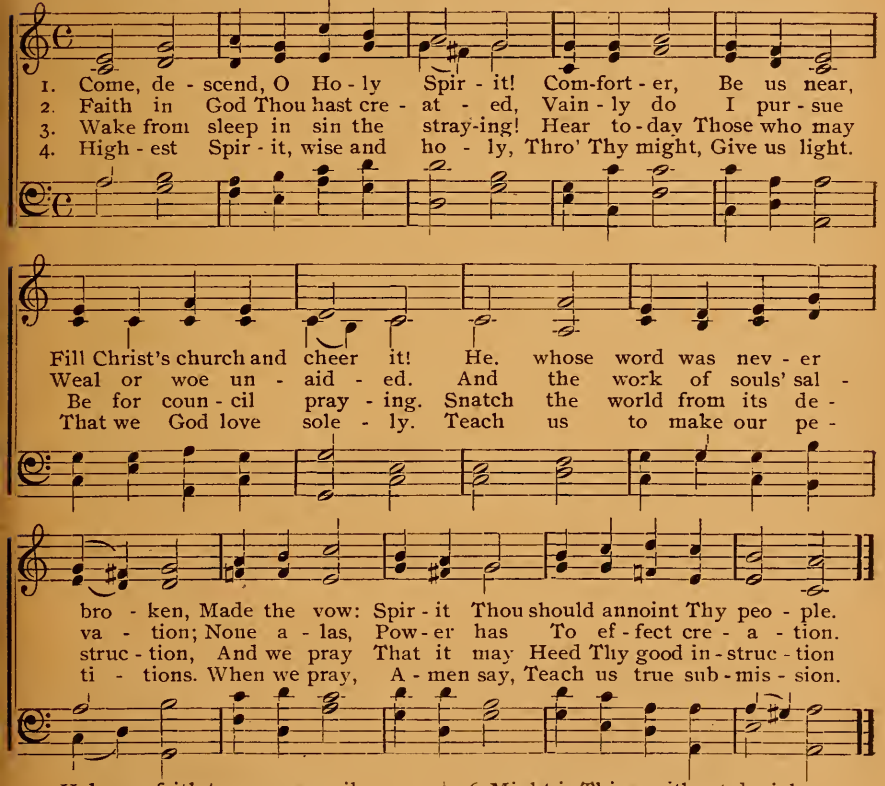
Swell the Anthem.



79 Come, Descend, O Holy Spirit!

EHRENFRIED LIEBICH. Died 1780.
Tr. from Ger. by D. G. R. 1897.

J. CRUGER. 1653.



5 Help our faith to conquer evil;
Put to shame By Thy name,
Flesh, world, sin and devil.
Cross, or woe, or pain, or anguish,
None of it Do permit,
Us from Christ to banish.

6 Might is Thine without denial;
Be our stay That we may
Constant be in trial.—
When our spirit God will sever
From this clay, Thee we pray:
Give us joy forever!

80 Jerusalem, Thou City Fair.

JOHN M. MEYFART. Died 1642. ERFURTER GES. BUCH. 1663.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, thou cit - y fair and high, Would God I were in thee!
2. O Zi - on, hail! Bright cit - y now un - fold The gates of grace to me!
3. Innumerous choirs be - fore the shining throne, Their joyful anthems raise,

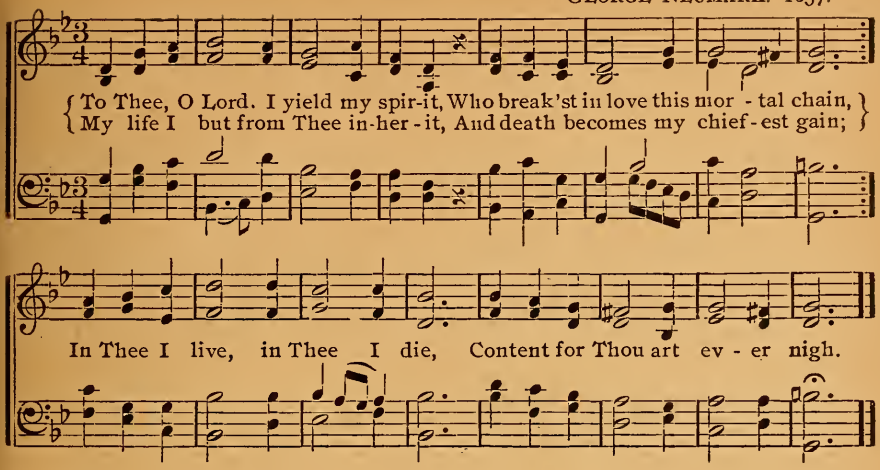
My longing heart fain, fain to thee would fly! It will not stay with me;
How many a time I longed for thee of old, Ere yet I was set free
Till heav'n's glad halls are echoing with the tone Of that great hymn of praise,

Far o - ver vale and moun - tain, Far o - ver field and plain,
From yon dark life of sad - ness, Yon world of shad - owy nought,
And all its host re - joic - es, And all its bless - ed throng

It hastes to seek its Foun - tain And quit this world of pain.
And God had given the glad - ness, The her - it - age I sought.
U - nite their myr - iad voic - es In one e - ter - nal song.

81 To Thee, O Lord.

GEORGE NEUMARK. 1657.



82

1 If thou but suffer God to guide thee,
And hope in Him through all thy ways,
He'll give thee strength whate'er betide thee,
And bear thee through the evil days;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the Rock that nought can move.

2 What can these anxious cares avail thee?
These never ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help, if thou bewail thee
O'er each dark moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

3 Be only still, and wait His leisure
In cheerful hope, with heart content
To take whate'er our Father's pleasure
And all discerning love hath sent,
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.

4 He knows the time for joy, and truly
Will send it when He sees it meet,
When He has only tried us throughly,
And finds us free from all deceit,
Then cometh He all unaware,
And makes us own His loving care.

5 Nor think amid the heat of trial
That God hath cast thee off unheard,
That He whose hopes meet no denial
Must surely be of God preferred;
Time passes, and much change doth bring,
And sets a bound to every thing.

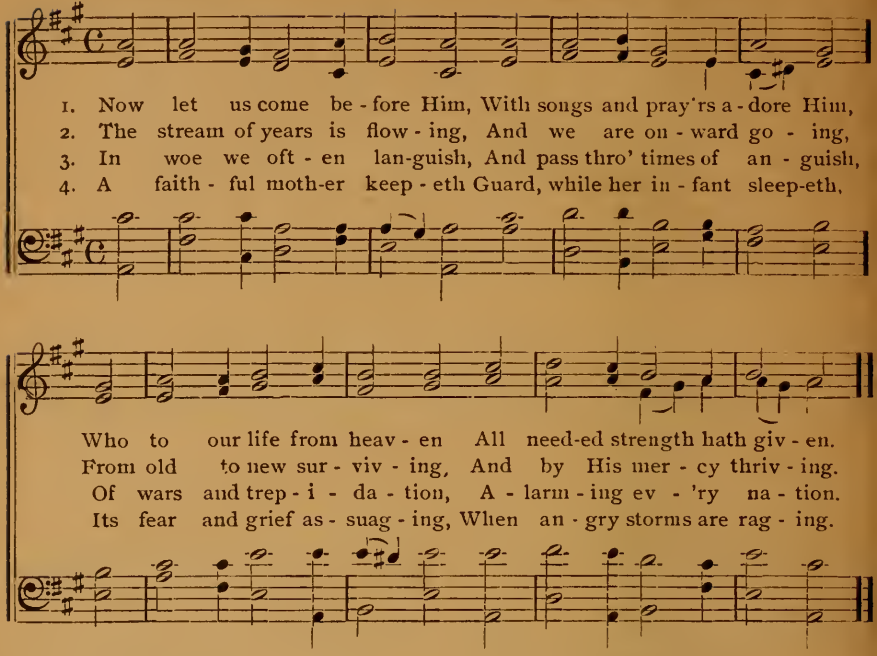
6 All are alike before the Highest;
'Tis easy to our God, we know,
To raise thee up, though low thou liest,
To make the rich man poor and low;
True wonders still by Him are wrought,
Who setteth up and brings to nought.

7 Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerving,
Do but thine own part faithfully,
And trust His word; though undeserving,
Thou yet shalt find it true for thee;
God never will forsake in need
The heart that trusts in Him indeed.

NEUMARK.

83 Now Let Us Come Before Him!

P. GERHARDT. SELNECKER. 1587.



5 Thus God His children shieldeth
And full protection yieldeth;
When need and woes distress them,
His loving arms caress them.

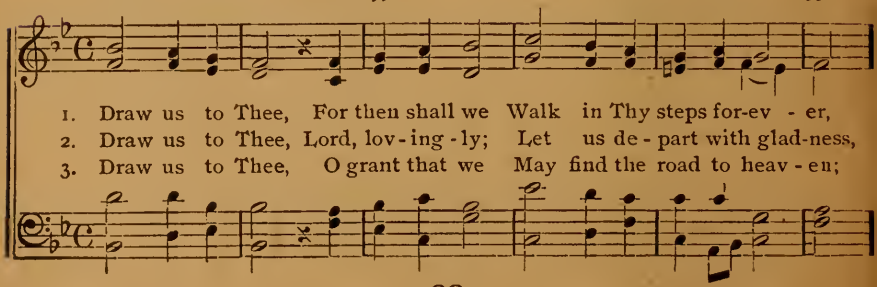
6 In vain is all our doing;
The labor we're pursuing
In our hands prospers never,
Unless God watches ever.

7 Our song to Thee ascendeth,
Whose mercy never endeth;
Our thanks to Thee we render,
Who art our strong Defender.

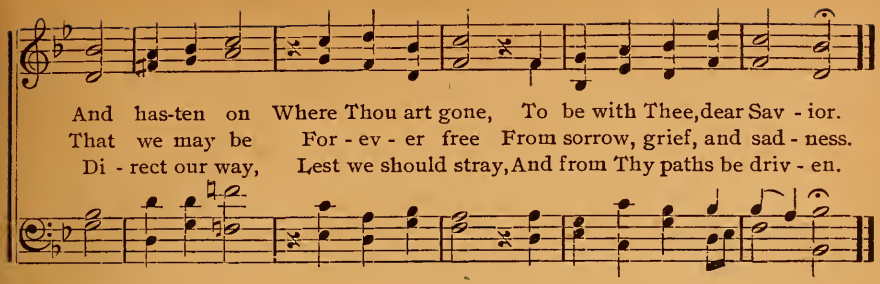
8 O God of mercy! hear us,
Our Father! be Thou near us;
'Mid crosses and in sadness
Be Thou our Fount of gladness.

84 Draw Us to Thee!

FRIEDR. FUNCKE. Died 1699. CHR. PETER. 1655.



Draw Us to Thee.



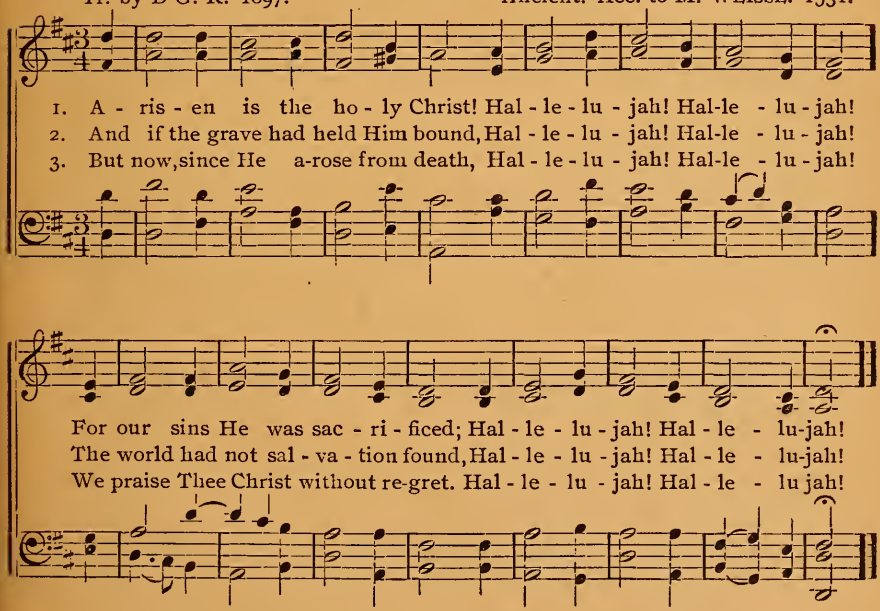
4 Draw us to Thee,
That also we
Thy heavenly bliss inherit,
And ever dwell
Where sin and hell
No more can vex our spirit.

5 Draw us to Thee
Unceasingly,
Into Thy kingdom take us;
Let us fore'er
Thy glory share,
Thy saints and joint-heirs make us.

85 Arisen is the Holy Christ.

(*Surrexit Christus hodie.*)

Tr. by D G. R. 1897. Ancient. Acc. to M. Weisse. 1531.

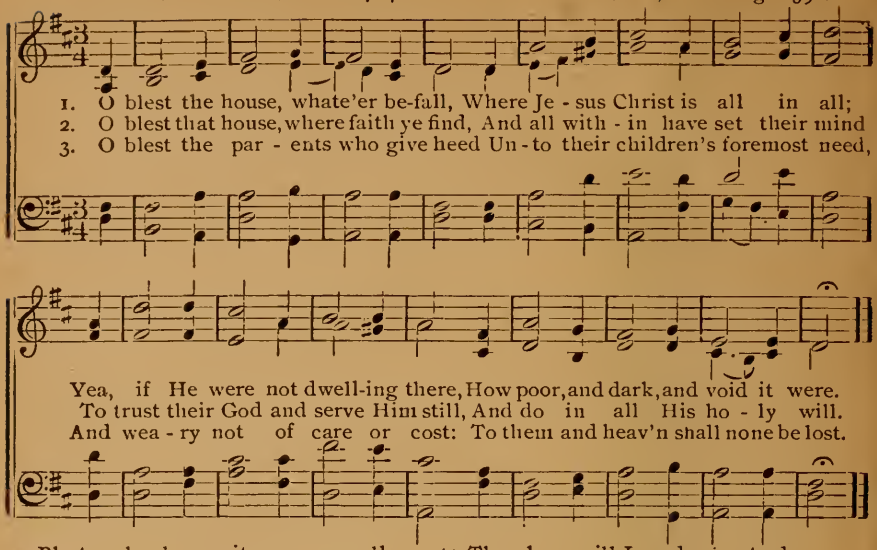


4 O Jesus, dearest God and Lord,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
In need us help, from sin us guard;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

5 Help us that we from death arise,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
And be with Thee in Paradise!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

86 O Blest the House.

CHR. K. L. von PFEIL. Died 1784. WOLDER, Hamburg. 1598.



4 Blest such a house, it prospers well,
In peace and joy the parents dwell,
And in their children's lot is shown
How richly God can bless His own.

5 Then here will I, and mine to-day
A solemn cov'nant make and say:
Though all the world forsake Thy Word,
I and my house will serve the Lord.

87

1 This child we dedicate to Thee,
O God of grace and purity!
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
And let Thy love its life prolong.

2 Oh, may Thy Spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep Thy Law,
May virtue, piety, and truth.
Dawn even with its dawning youth.

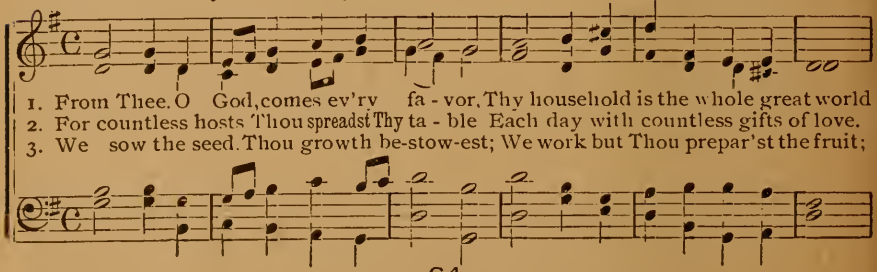
3 We too, before Thy gracious sight,
Once shared the blest baptismal rite,
And would renew its solemn vow
With love, and thanks, and praises, now.

4 Grant that, with true and faithful heart,
We still may act the Christian's part,
Cheered by each promise Thou hast given,
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

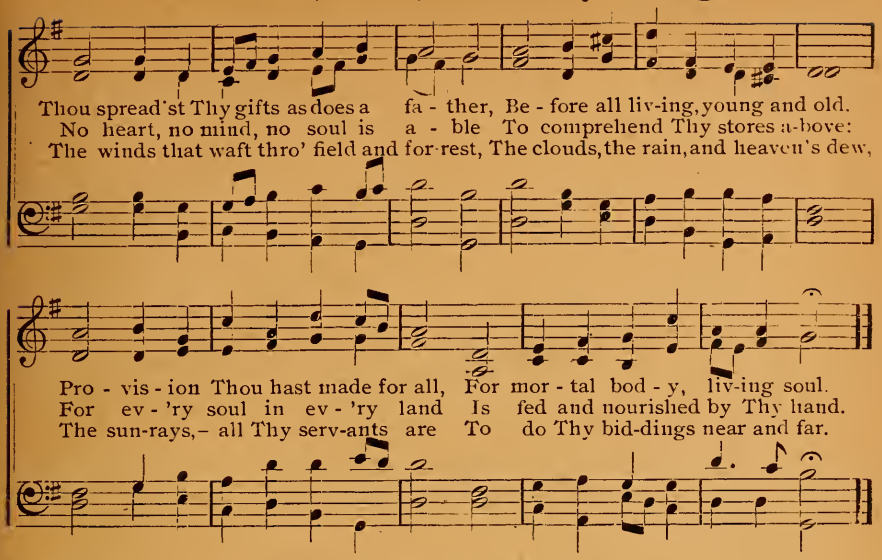
S. GILLMAN.

88 From Thee, O God, Comes Ev'ry Favor.

KASPAR NEUMANN. Died 1715.
Tr. from Ger. by D. G. R. 1897. WAGNER. 1742.



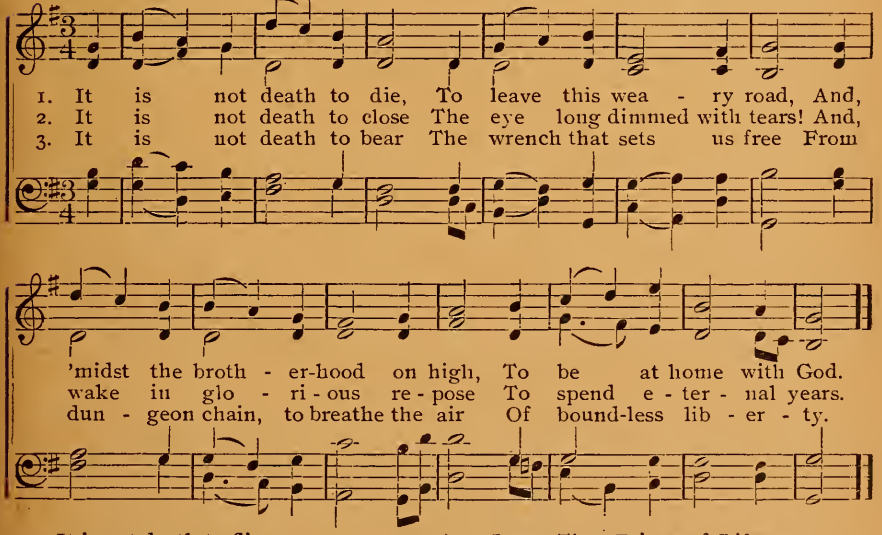
From Thee, O God, Comes Ev'ry Blessing.



89 It is Not Death to Die.

Dr. C. Henry Abraham, Malan. 1787–1864.

George Friedrich Handel. 1685–1759.

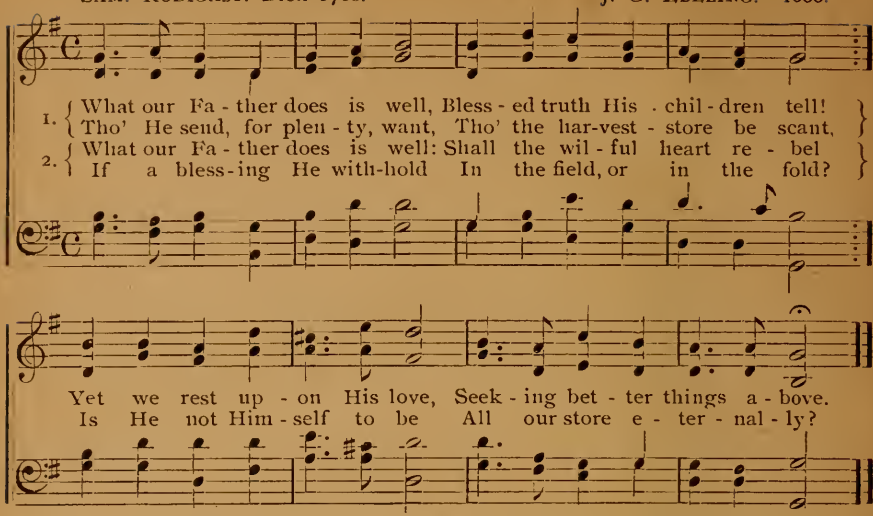


4 It is not death to fling
Aside the sinful dust,
And rise on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, Thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

90 What Our Father Does is Well.

SAM. RODIGAST. Died 1708. J. G. EBELING. 1666.

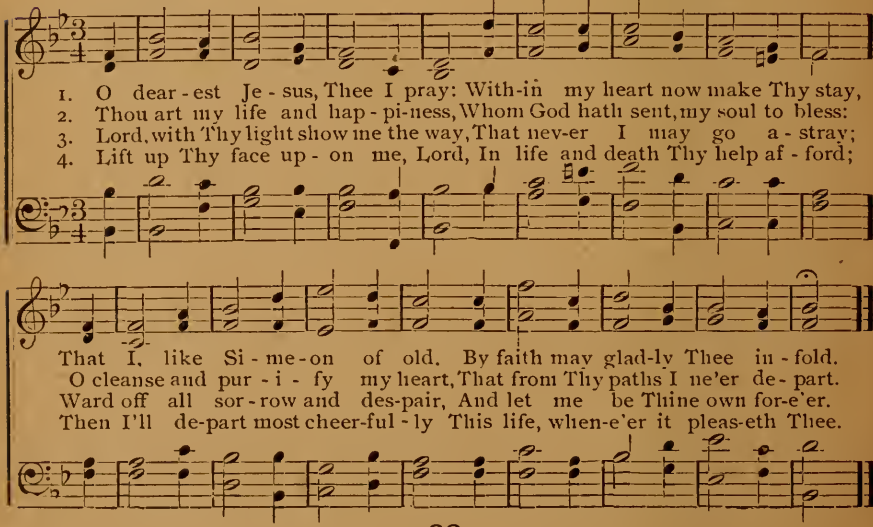


3 What our Father does is well:
Though He sadden hill and dell,
Upward yet our praises rise
For the strength His Word supplies.
He has called us sons of God;—
Can we murmur at His rod?

4 Therefore unto Him we raise
Hymns of glory, songs of praise:
To the Father and the Son
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honor, might, and glory be,
Now and through eternity.

91 O Dearest Jesus, Thee I Pray.

B. HELDER. 1614. HEINR. EGLI. 1786.



92 Awake Thou Spirit.

K. H. v. Bogatzky. (1st, 3d, 4th and 6th v.) Konr. Kocher. 1855,

1. A - wake Thou Spirit, who didst fi - re The god-like watchmen
2. Lord, let our ear-nest pray - er be heard, The pray'r Thy Son our
3. O haste, O Lord, to help ere we are lost! Send preachers forth in
4. And let Thy blessed word have speedy course, Through ev - 'ry land be

of the Church's youth, Who faced the foes' en-ven - omed ire,
Lord, hath bid us pray, For lo, Thy children's hearts are stirred
spir - it sound and strong, Arm'd with Thy sword, the Word, a dauntless host,
blessed and glo - ri - fied, Till all the heathens know its saving force,

Who boldly preach'd both day and night Thy truth, Whose mighty voic - es
In ev - 'ry land on earth, in this our day,, To cry with fer-vent
Bold to at - tack and crush the rule of wrong; Let them the earth for
And come and fill Thy church - es far and wide; A-wake, old Is - rael

loud are ringing still, And still are bringing hosts to know Thy will.
heart and soul to Thee, O say Thy A-men, Lord! So let it be.
Thee a-lone re-claim, Thy her - it-age to know and hail Thy name.
from its sleep O Lord, And read, O spread the con - quest of Thy Word!

93 Be True to God.

MICH. FRANCK. Tr. from Ger. by D. G. R. 1897. MICH. FRANCK. 1637.

1. Keep faith-ful-ly the promise Thou Hast made in con - fir - ma - tion,
2. Be true to God, let troub-le not Nor cross thee from Him sev - er,
3. Be true to God, what-ev - er be Your call or rank or sta - tion.
4. Be true to God, con-fess His name, His word thou hear and hon - or,

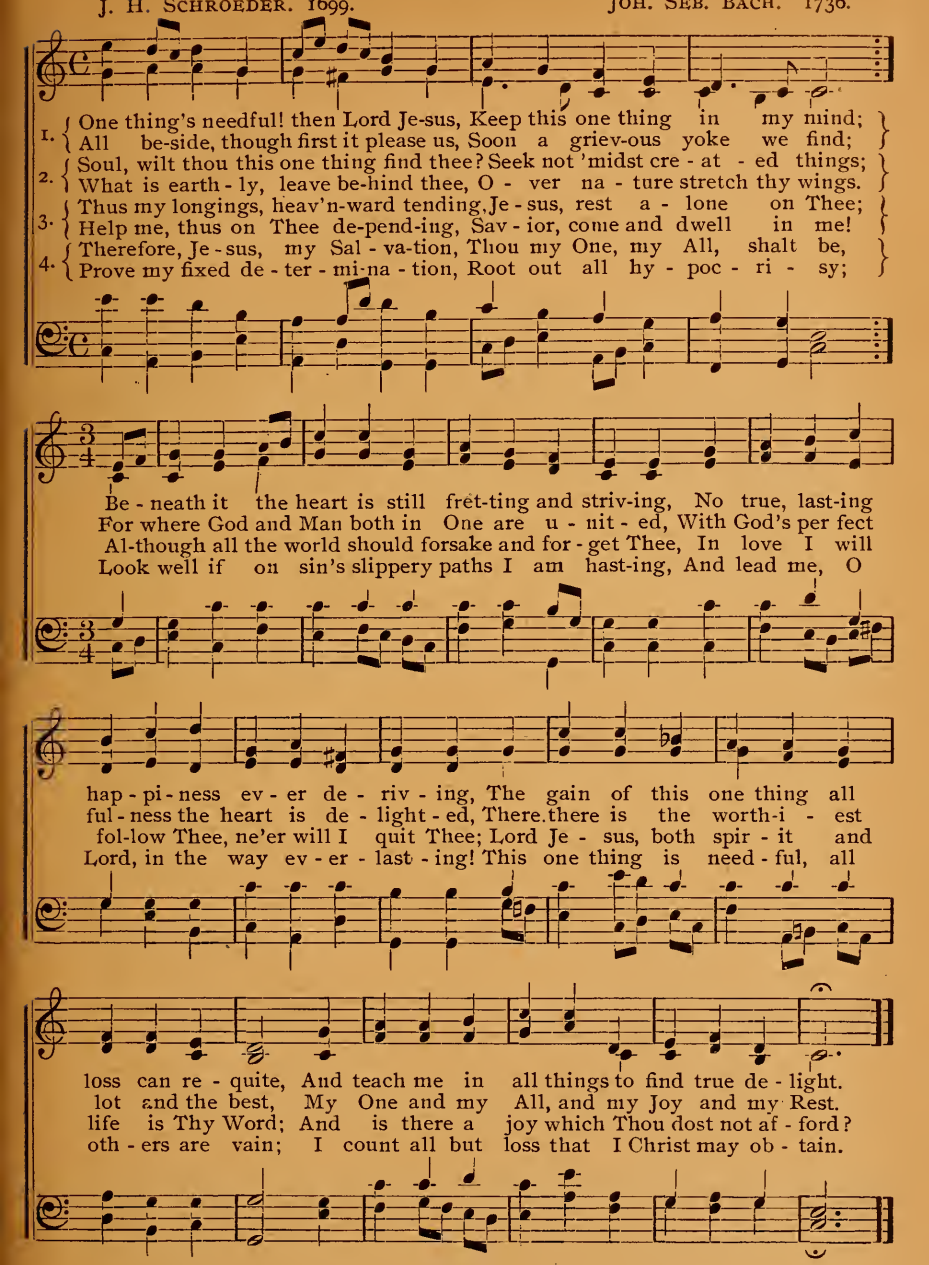
Make in thy life this sa - cred vow Thy bulwark and foun - da - tion,
If He's thy Fa - ther and thy God, Canst thou then have it bet - ter?
What harm can come, if on - ly He Has thee in His pro - tec - tion?
Be steadfast; let no fear nor fame Nor place af-fect this man - ner.

Re-mem-ber that God prom-ised hath In thy baptismal hour,
This hight-est good Gives hap - py mood Hast thou His grace and pleasure,
A for-tress is His bless - ed grace 'Gainst world and sin and dev - il,
The world will have Its dust and chaff; They shall to-geth-er per - ish,

To lead and guard. And thee award A father's love for-ev - - er.
O hap-py soul, Then hast thou more Than heav'n or earth can meas - ure.
His standard can Mis-lead no man, But shields from ev'ry e - vil.
But God's own word Shall still go forth And without failure flour - - ish.

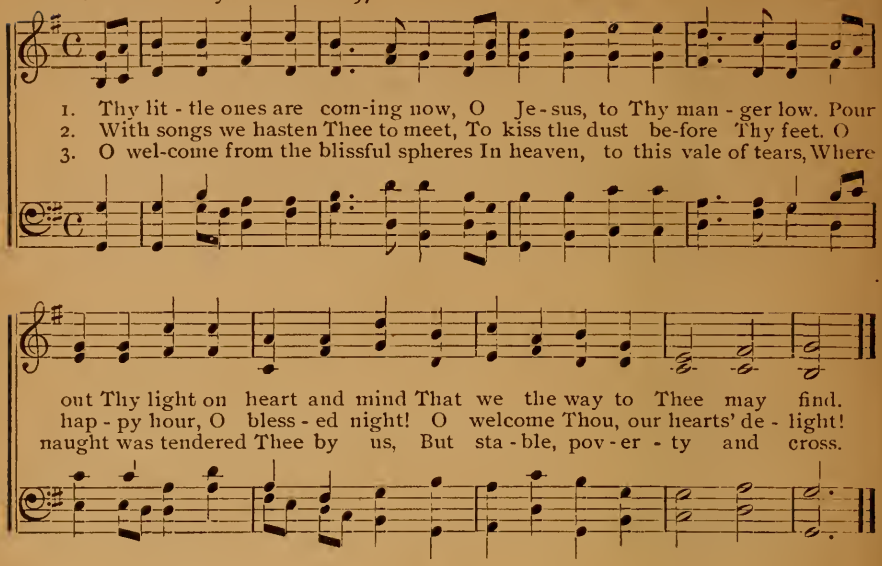
94 One Thing's Needful!

J. H. Schroeder. 1699. Joh. Seb. Bach. 1736.



95 Thy Little Ones Are Coming Now.

H. A. Brorson. Died 1764.
Tr. from Nor. by D. G. R. 1897.



4 How can it be, O Lord, that, still
To-day, so few consider well
Thy boundless love, O Jesus Christ,
Who for our sake all sacrificed?

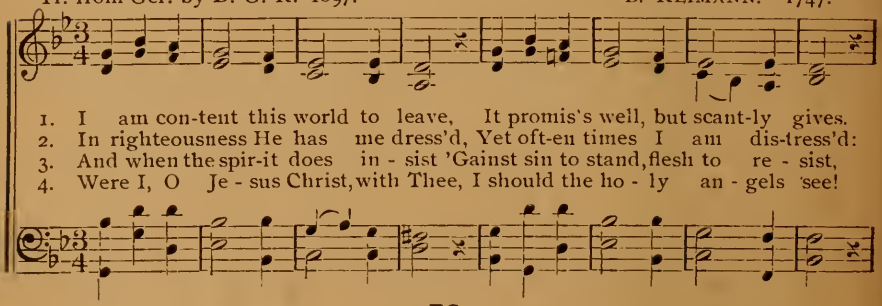
5 Draw us to Thee! we pray again,
O Child of God, our Lord and Friend;
That Thee we, through Thy saving grace,
In holy love and faith embrace!

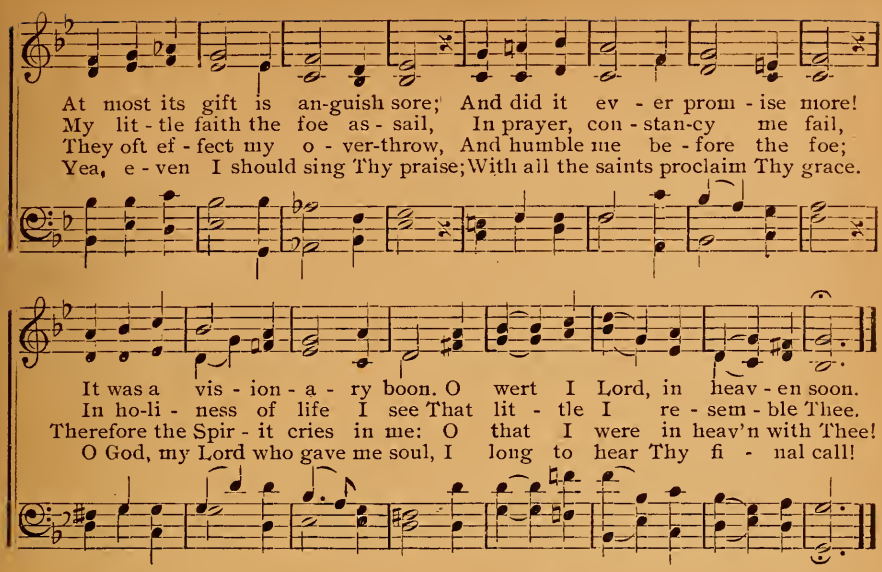
6 Against the world, protection grant!
Help us baptism's covenant
With holy zeal sacred to keep,
Our hearts for Thee in love to beat!

7 To-day we are a little band
Who humbly at Thy manger stand.
Help, that in countless hosts we may
Be near Thy throne on judgment day!

96 I Am Content.

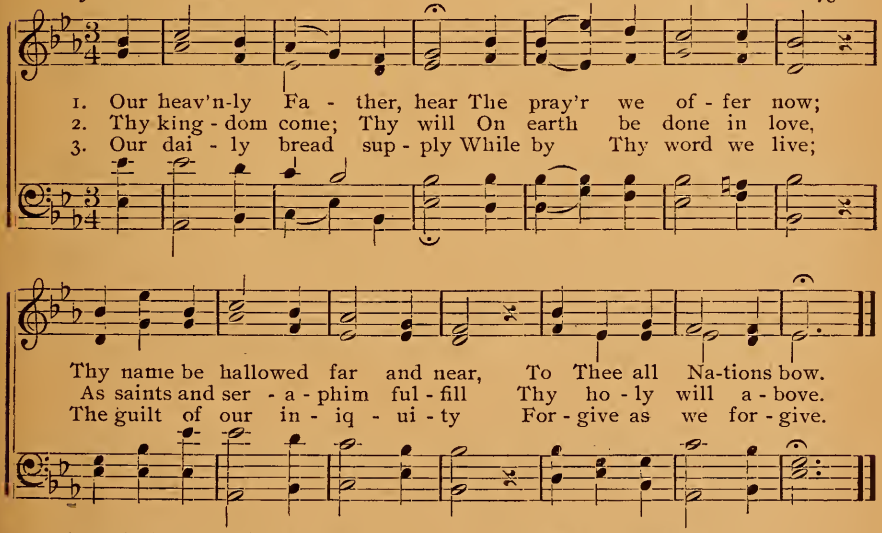
Martin Grunwald.
Tr. from Ger. by D. G. R. 1897. B. Reimann. 1747.





97 Our Heavenly Father.

J. MONTGOMERY. 1210 acc. to T. G. STORL. Died 1730.



4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles, defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine shall forever be
Glory and power divine;
The scepter, throne, and majesty,
Of heaven and earth are Thine.

98 The Grace of the Lord.

2 Cor. 13 : 14. GOTTLOB HILMER. 1784. (or Christ Gregor.)

1. The grace of the Lord Je - sus Christ, And the love
of God, And the com - mun-ion of the Ho - ly
Ghost Be with us all, Be with us all. A - a - men.

99 Bless, O Lord, and Keep Us.

Acc. to Numbers 6 : 24–26 by D. G. R. CHRIST. GREGOR. 1784.

1. Bless, O Lord and keep us Through Thy lov - ing kind - ness!
2. Peace up - on us show - er By Thy sav - ing pow - er!
3. A - men, say, O Fa - ther! Je - sus Christ, us gath - er

Lift Thy face up - on all Thine! Let it, Lord, up - on us shine!
Lift Thy coun - te - nance, O Lord, On us through Thy bless-ed Word!
By Thy grace in - to Thy fold! Ho - ly Spir - it, guide us all!

Salmer for Sondagsskolen.

1 Mel. Eng. Hymn No. 22.

1 Ophold os, Gud og Fader kjær,
I Katechismi rene Lær',
Som du ved Luther lod udgaa
For de Enfoldige og Smaa.

2 Forlen os Naade her paa Jord,
At holde ret de ti Bud-Ord;
Forlen os, Herre, Troen skjøn
Til Jesum Christ, din kjære Søn!

3 Vor Fader, som os hjælpe kan,
Vi bede dig i Jesu-Navn,
Hjælp os at tænke paa vor Daab
Og leve og dø i Livsens Haab!

4 Og falde vi, lad os opstaa
Og gjøre Bod og Naade faa
Og nyde saa dit Kjød og Blod
Alt under Brød og Vinen god!

5 Ophold os Herre, Helligaand,
I Levnet rent og Lærdom sand,
Stat os bi udi alskens Nød
Og frels os fra den evig' Død!

2 Mel. Eng. Hymn No. 3.

Aabne, Jesu, du vort Øre,
Og oplys du vor Forstand,
At dit salig' Ord vi høre
Og i Hjertet gjemme kan!
Ved din Aand den Naade giv,
At det virker Tro og Liv,
Saa vort ganske Levnet kunde
Prise dig i alle Stunde!

3 Mel. Eng. Hymn No. 3.

Skriv dig, Jesu, paa mit Hjerte,
O min Konge og min Gud,
At ei Vellyst eller Smerte
Dig formaar at slette ud!
Denne Indskrift paa mig sæt:
Jesus udaf Nazareth,
Den Korsfæstede, min Ære
Og min Salighed skal være!

4 Mel. Eng. Hymn No. 17.

O, Jesu gid du vilde
Mit Hjerte danne saa,
Det baade aarle og silde,
Dit Tempel være maa;
Du selv min Hjerne vende
Fra Verdens kloge Flok,
Og lær mig dig at kjende,
Saa har jeg Visdom nok.

5 Mel. Eng. Hymn No. 69.

1 Lover Herren! han er nær,
Naar vi synge, naar vi bede,
Samles i hans Navn vi her,
Er han midt blandt os tilstede.
Lover Herren, Gamle, Unge,
Pris hans Navn hver Barnetunge!

2 Herre, vær os evig nær!
Vær os nær, naar Sol oprinder,
Og naar Sol og Stjerneskjer
I den dybe Nat forsvinder;
Lad din Aand ei fra os vige,
Til vi se dig i dit Rige!

6 Mel. Eng. Hymn No. 12.

Guds Ord, det er vort Arvegods,
Det skal vor Afkoms være;
Gud giv os i vor Grav den Ros,
Vi holdt det høit i Ære!
Det er vor Hjælp i Nød,
Vor Trøst i Liv og Død:
O Gud, ihvor det gaar,
Lad dog, mens Verden staar,
Det i vor Æt nedarves!

7 Mel. Eng. Hymn No. 12.

Sign Ordet i de Unges Mund,
Dets Kraft i Hjertet brænde.
At de vor Tro og Troens Grund
Sandfærdig maa bekjende!
Engang de bares frem,
Og du velsigned dem,
Du tog de Smaa i Favn,
De døbtes i dit Navn,
O, kjendes ved dem, Herre!

8 Mel. Eng. Hymn No. 26.

1 O, du trefoldig Enighed,
Og en sand Gud af Evighed!
Om Solen bort med Dagen gaar,
Dit Guddoms Lys dog hos os staar.

2 Vi love dig om Morgenstund,
Om Aftenen bede om din Miskund;
Vor arme Lovsang prise dig;
Thi du er god evindelig.

3 Gud Fader evig Ære ske,
Guds Søn, som frelste os fra Ve,
Og Aanden, som os trøste kan,
Ske Lov og Pris i alle Land.

9 Mel. Eng. Hymn No. 69.

Nu vor Gjerning her er endt,
Og Velsignelsen vi eie,
Er vort Sind til Hjemmet vendt,
Der vi vil paa Herrens Veie
Efterleve, hvad vi lære,
Herrens Navn til Lov og Ære.

2 Følg saa med os ud og ind,
Hjertefromme Gud og Fader!
Hold ved Ordet fast vort Sind,
Saa vi aldrig dig forlader,
Men, naar Verdens Strid er omme,
Vi til dig i Himlen komme.

10 Mel. Eng. Hymn No. 3.

Lov og Tak og evig Ære
Ske dig, Guds enbaarne Søn,
Som en Tjener vilde være,
Kommen udaf David's Kjøn;
Søde Jesu! lær du mig,
At jeg vandrer rettelig,
Og i dine Fodspor træder,
Ja udi din Vei mig glæder.

2 Lad mig aldrig dig forsage,
Om end Kors og Kummer mig
Skal i denne Verden plage,
Men at jeg dog hjertelig
Elsker dig indtil min Død,
Og forlindrer al min Nød
Med din Fødsel, Død og Smerte;
Tag dem aldrig fra mit Hjerte.

11 Mel. Eng. Hymn No. 7.

1 Op alle, som paa Jorden bor,
Og takker Gud med mig,
Hvis Lov i helligt Englekor
Udsjunges idelig!:‖:

2 Han giver Helbred, Liv og Brød
Os alle ufortjent;
I megen Angest, Sorg og Nød
Har han os Hjælp tilsendt.:‖:

3 Skjønt vi ham tidt fortørnet har,
Han dog langmodig er
Og gjør, at vi for Straffen faar
Endog Velgjerninger.:‖:

4 Han giver os et Hjerte fro
Og sand Frimodighed,
At vi kan tjene ham med Ro
I Verdens Vildsomhed.:‖:

5 Vort Øie han selv lukker til
I Dødens fæle Nat,
Og naar vort Hjerte briste vil,
Er han vor Del og Skat.:‖:

12 Mel. Eng. Hymn No. 30.

1 Lov, Ære, Pris og Herlighed
Gud Fader ske i Evighed,
Som Alting skabte viselig,
Og os opholder rigelig!

2 Dig Ære ske, o Jesu Christ,
Som har den Naade os bevist,
For os at lide Korsets Død,
Og frelste os af al vor Nød!

3 Dig Ære ske, o Helligaand,
Som tænder Lys i vor Forstand,
At Sandheds Ord vi fatte maa
Og fast' i det til Enden staa!

4 O hellige Treenighed,
O sande Gud i Evighed,
Hør os ved din Barmhjertighed,
Før os til evig Salighed!

13 Mel. Eng. Hymn No. 14.

1 Hvor lifligt er det dog at gaa
Med Jesu Ord i Munde,
Hans Saar, hans Død at tænke paa,
Og alt hans Verk begrunde!

2 O Jesu, o du ved, jeg gaar,
Din Pillegrim og Borger,
I disse korte Verdens Aar
Fuld af ti tusind Sorger!

3 Du est dog al mit Hjertes Ro,
Min Trøst, min daglig Tale,
O lad din Aand mit Hjertes Bo
Med al din Pinsel male!

4 Dig vandrer jeg saa gjerne med,
Opstandne Jesu milde,
Til Himlen jeg i dine Fjed
Saa gjerne følges vilde!

14 Mel. Eng. Hymn No. 7.

1 O tænk, naar engang samles skal
De frelstes Menighed
Af alle Folkeslægters Tal
I Himlens Herlighed!:‖:

2 O tænk, naar Herrens Vidnehær,
Hans Tjenere paa Jord,
De Millioner møde der,
Som hørte deres Ord!:‖:

3 O tænk dog, hvilken Jubellyd—
En Strøm af Kjærlighed!
Tænk, hvilken Tak og Pris og Fryd
Og Salighed og Fred!:‖:

4 O Gud, hvad er din Naade stor!
Os alle til dig drag,
At vi kan staa blandt Frelstes Kor
Paa denne Høitidsdag!:‖:

15 Mel. Eng. Hymn No. 39.

1 Min Sjæl er glad i Himlens Gud,
Sit Barn han kalder mig;
Han giver mig sit Ord og Bud
Og leder mig til sig.

2 Han har mig sagt, at arm jeg var,
Hvis han ei var mig god;
Men Omsorg for sit Barn han har,
For mig randt Jesu Blod.

3 I Daaben tog han mig imod
Han toed' ren min Sjæl,
Det blev mig gjort for Lammets Blod,
Gud vilde mig saa vel.

4 Saa er jeg det, han kalder mig:
Hans Barn, hans Eiendom;
Og derfor gaar til ham min Vei,
Naar jeg er god og from.

16. Mel. Eng. Hymn No. 37.

1 Hjælp, Jesu, hjælp, at jeg din Naade finder!
Udi dit Navn et nyt Aar jeg begynder,
Ak, lad det mig til Gavn og dig til Ære
Velsignet være.

2 Hjælp, Jesu, hjælp, og med din Aand mig styrke,
At jeg maa dig af ganske Hjerte dyrke,
Mod verdens Svig og Djævlens Anløb stride,
Mit Sind at bryde!

3 Hjælp, Jesu, hjælp, at jeg maa taalig være,
Naar jeg og dette Aar skal Korset bære,
Lad mig ei fristes over min Formue,
Men Frelsning skue!

4 Hjælp, Jesu, hjælp, at haabe, tro og bede,
Og mine Synder daglig at begræde,
Dit Ord betragte, derved i mit Hjerte,
Faa Trøst i Smerte!

17 Mel. Eng. Hymn No. 22.

1 Herre Gud, du som min Fader est,
Jeg beder dig ved Jesum Christ,
Paa hans Ord, Ed og haarde Død,
Hør os og hjælp i Angst og Nød!

2 Giv os dit Ord og styrk vor Aand,
Saa vi dig villig tjene kan,
Giv Venner, Fred og dagligt Brød,
Bevar vort Land fra alskens Nød!

3 Fri os fra Djævel, Synd og Død,
Fra Legemets og Sjælens Nød,
En salig Time mig beskjær,
Dit Riget, Magten, Æren er!

4 Amen, o Gud, i Jesu Navn,
Ophold min Tro til evigt Gavn,
Du est alene Fader min,
Gjør mig til Barn og Arving din!

18 Mel. Eng. Hymn No. 57.

1 Den signede Dag, som vi nu se,
Ned til os af Himmelen komme,
Gud lyser for os jo længer og mer
Os alle til Glæde og Fromme!
Gud lade os ikke ske idag
Last, Skam eller nogen Vaande!

2 Gud Fader og Søn og Helligaand
Med alle sine Engleskare,
Bevare os idag og allen Stund
For alskens Djævelens Snare,
Fra al den Avind, han til os bær
Vor Sjæl og vort Legem til Fare!

3 Det Kors, vor Herre han bar for os,
For vor Synd og ikke for sine,
Det sætter jeg idag mellem Djævlen og mig,
Jeg mener Guds værdige Pine;
Det Blod, der ned paa Korset randt,
Det slukker ud Synder mine.

4 Om levende blev hvert Træ i Skov,
Og var saa hvert Blad en Tunge,
Og havde de Maal, og kunde Guds lov
Med Englenes Stemme sjunge.
Tilfulde de dog vor Herre ei
Ret love og prise kunde.

5 Det er vel fuldt ondt med liden Magt
Mod høie Bjerge at springe,
Men Fuglen den lille naar sin Agt,
Naar Veiret bær under hans Vinge;
Saa hjælper og os Guds Aand fuldgod
Vor Frelser et Tak at bringe.

19 Mel. Eng. Hymn No. 22.

1 O himmelske Gud og Fader blid,
Vi takke dit Navn i allen Tid,
At du har hidtil naadelig
Os vogtet vel for Djævelens Svig.

2 Vi bede dig og for Christi Død,
Bevar os fra al Jammer og Nød,
Bevogt os med din Englehær
Og med din Aand du os regjer!

3 Vor Fa'er og Mo'er bevar du saa,
De længe med os leve maa,
Lad os opvoxe i Ære og Dyd
Og Gudsfrygt være vores Pryd!

4 Giv os godt Nemme og Forstand,
At lære, hvad dig tækkes kan,
Lad i vor Daabes-Pagt os staa,
Saalænge vi i Verden gaa.

5 Lad Synd og Sorg ei hos os bo,
Giv os i Dag din Fred og Ro,
Vi Sjæl og Liv befale dig,
Saa vaage og sove vi tryggelig.

Nu Solen gaar ned.

1. Nu So - len gaar ned, Og Af - te - nen bre - der paa
2. Hav Tak for i - dag, Gud Fa - der i Him - len, Som
3. For - lad mig, min Gud, Hvad jeg ha - ver syn - det i -
4. Jeg ved, du det gjør Jeg sluk - ker mit Lys og til -

Jor - den sin Fred, Smaa-fu - gle - ne fly - ve til Re - der - ne hen,
frem-med min Sag! Du har mig om heg - net, alt Ondt fra mig vendt,
mod di - ne Bud! Du prø - ver mit Hjer - te og kjen - der mit Pund,
luk - ker min Dør, Og sø - ger mit Lei - e og læg - ger mig ned,

Og Blom - sten har luk - ket sit Oi - e i - gjen Saa
Mit Ar - beid vel - sig - net, mig Lyk - ke til - sendt, Saa
Du hør - te hvert Ord, der gik ud af min Mund; Lad
Gud la - de mig sø - de - lig so - ve i Fred! Dig,

luk - ke mit Hjer-te med Laa - ge i Løn En gu - de - lig Bøn.
mil - de - lig Ti - mer-ne for mig hen-randt, Tak ske dig saa sandt!
væ - re, hvad der - i var syn - digt og slemt, Til - giv - et og glemt!
Je - su be - fal - er jeg trø - stig i Haand Mit Le - gem og Aand!

21 I Dag opstod den Herre Krist.

1. I Dag op - stod den Her - re Krist, Den Her - re Krist, Til
2. Som for - dags led den bit - tre Død, Den bit - tre Død, At
3. I Kvin-der, som her ban - ge staa, Her ban - ge staa, Til
4. Dis - cip - le - ne det si - ger der, Det si - ger der, Op-

al - le Slæg-ters Trøst for-vist. Hal - le - lu - ja, Hal - le - lu - ja!
fri os Men-ne - sker af Nød. Hal - le - lu - ja, Hal - le - lu - ja!
Ga-li - læ - a skal I gaa, Hal - le - lu - ja, Hal - le - lu - ja!
stan-den Æ - rens Kon - ge er. Hal - le - lu - ja, Hal - le - lu - ja!

5 I denne Paaskens glade Tid,
Den glade Tid,
Vi ville love Herren blid.
Halleluja, Halleluja!

6 Gud Fader, Søn og Helligaand,
Og Helligaand,
Nu være Tak i alle Land!
Halleluja, Halleluja!

22 Det kimer nu til Julefest.

1. Det ki - mer nu til Ju - le - fest, Det ki - mer for den høi - e Gjest,
2. O kom - mer med til Da - vids By, Hvor En - gle syn - ge un - der Sky;
3. O lad os gaa med stil - le Sind Som Hyr - der - ne til Bar - net ind,

Som steg til la - ve Hyt - te ned Med Nyt - aars - Ga-ver, Fryd og Fred.
O, kommer med paa Mar - ken ud, Hvor Hyr - der hø - re Nyt fra Gud!
Med Glæ-des-taa - rer tak - ke Gud For Mi-skund-hed og Naa-de-bud.

23 Glade Jul.

1. Gla - de Jul, hel - li - ge Jul! Eng - le da - le ned i Skjul,
2. Jul - e - fryd, e - vig Fryd, San - ge fuld' af him-melsk Lyd!
3. Fred paa Jord, Fryd paa Jord; Je - sus - bar - net blandt os bor!
4. Sa - lig Fred, him-melsk Fred! To - ner Ju - le - nat her - ned;

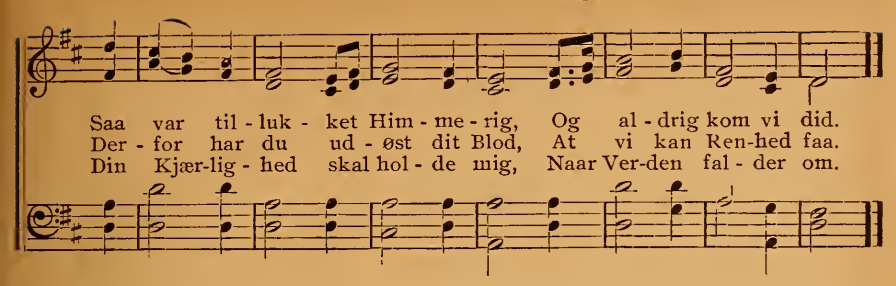
Hid de fly - ve med Pa - ra-dis-grønt, Hvor de se, hvad for Gud er skjønt,
Det er En - gle, som Hyr-der - ne saa, Dengang Her - ren i Kryb-ben laa,
En - gle sjun - ge om Bar-net saa smukt, Han har Himmerigs Dør op-lukt,
En - gle brin - ge til Sto - re og Smaa Bud om ham, som i Kryb-ben laa,

Løn - lig i-blandt os de gaa, Løn - lig i-blandt os de gaa.
E - vig er En - gle-nes Sang; E - vig er En - lge-nes Sang.
Sa - lig er En - gle-nes Sang; Sa - lig er En - gle-nes Sang.
Fryd dig, hver Sjæl, han har frelst; Fryd dig, hver Sjæl, han har frelst.

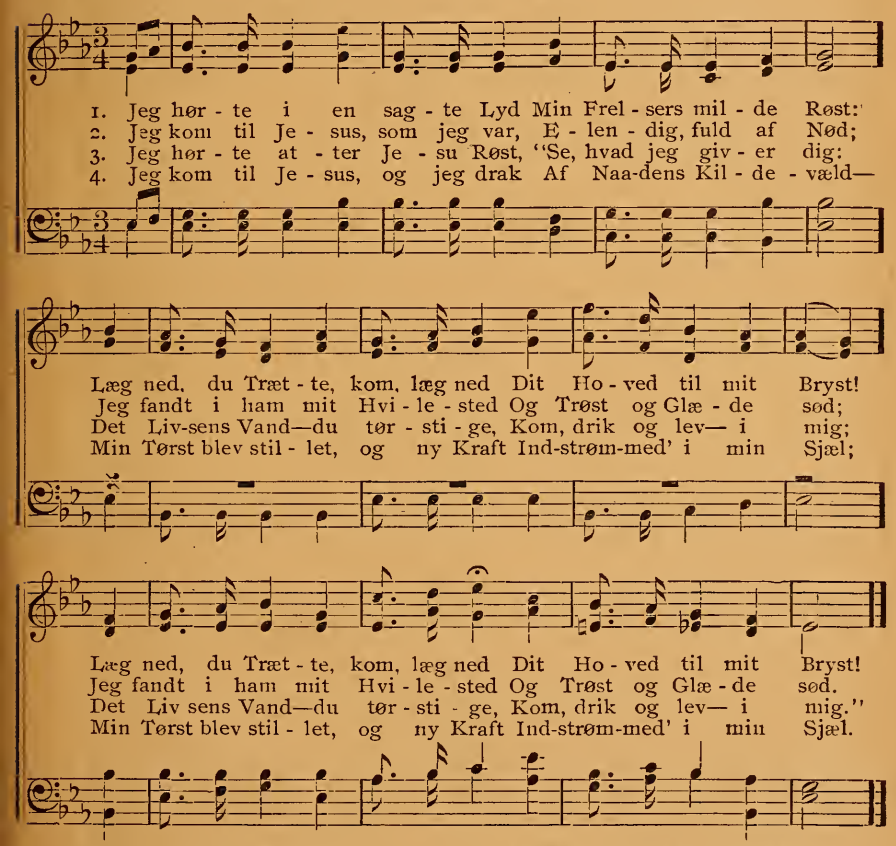
24 O Jesu! havde vi ei dig.

1. O Je - su! hav - de vi ei dig, Var du ei kom-men hid,
2. Thi Syn - den os i Vei - en stod; Fra den vi ren - ses maa,
3. Jeg er saa glad og tak - ker dig, At du til Jor - den kom;

O Jesu! havde vi ei dig.



25 Jeg hörte i en sagte Lyd.



5 Igjen fornam jeg Jesu Røst:
"Det Verdens Lys er jeg:
‖:Se hen til mig, og Morg'nens Glans
Skal straale paa din Vei.":‖

6 Jeg kom til Jesus, og jeg fandt
I ham min Sol saa klar,
:‖Og i dens Lys jeg vandre vil,
Til Løbet endt jeg har.:‖

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